

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Head of Caracalla, from the exhibition of Roman portrait busts at the Arts Council Gallery, London (see page 818)

In this number:

Prospect of Britain—I (Christopher Salmon)

Law in Action (A. L. Goodhart)

Grosseteste: A Great English Scholar and Bishop (Sir Maurice Powicke)



Buried Treasure

SULPHUR AND ITS CHIEF DERIVATIVE — sulphuric acid — are the breath of life to modern industry. Without sulphuric acid many major industries could hardly operate at all. There was genuine cause for anxiety, therefore, when the United States announced, early in 1951, that the once vast Louisiana sulphur beds, which had been providing most of the world's supply, were running short. In Britain, news of the threat to the nation's sulphur supplies served to focus public attention on an I.C.I. plant at Billingham, in County Durham, where the company had for twenty years been making sulphuric acid — and cement as a by-product — from a native mineral. Vast deposits of this mineral — known as anhydrite — are to be found in several parts of Great Britain. The anhydrite process which I.C.I. has been operating so successfully yields the acid and cement in approximately equal proportions.

The anhydrite itself — 200,000 tons are used annually for acid production — is mined at a depth of 800 feet beneath the factory, brought to the surface, and burned with coke, sand and ashes in huge rotating kilns, each about 220 feet long. Sulphur dioxide — the gas formed by burning sulphur — is given off, and this is oxidised to produce sulphuric acid. The original Billingham plant is being extended to increase its present capacity by three-quarters. In addition, I.C.I. has placed all its knowledge of the process at the disposal of the technicians of a new company which has been formed to manufacture acid from anhydrite at Widnes. I.C.I. is only one of Britain's 50-odd producers of sulphuric acid, but the anhydrite process is of special interest as an illustration of I.C.I.'s foresight in developing a method of making an essential chemical entirely from home-produced raw materials.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



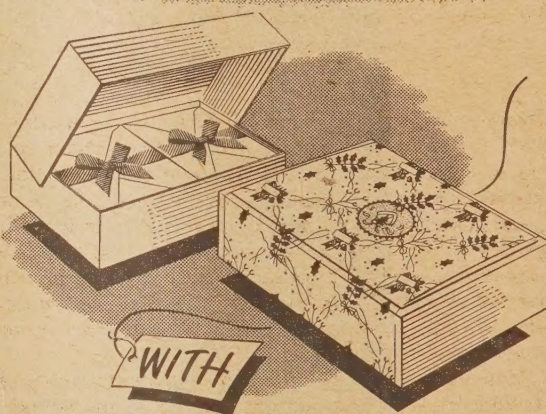
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The Listener

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Rediscovering Australia

By ROHAN RIVETT

SINCE the war, Australian editors have never tired of urging that ministerial traffic between Britain and Australia should not be all one way. If it was good enough for Messrs. Menzies, Chifley, Evatt, Holt, and others to fly to England with almost pendulum-like regularity, why, we asked, could not some member of the Downing Street team occasionally fly out to Australia, particularly those British Ministers whose departments were constantly concerned with this country? I mean specifically the Minister for Commonwealth Relations, the Minister of Food, the Minister of Supply, and others you will think of at once. Australian Ministers long ago discovered that the aeroplane and London trips were almost synonymous. The first ships carrying British settlers in 1788 took six months on the Australian journey. A few days ago, a Vickers Viscount commercial aircraft came from London to Melbourne in just thirty-six hours.

The Coronation produced a record mass-emigration of Australian politicians. By May, dozens were London bound. Some of them, it seems, were not reticent in telling their opposite numbers how strongly Australians felt about the fact that whereas the United States and Canada saw a stream of British Ministers every year, Australia, only forty-eight hours away, never saw one. It may well be argued that a British Prime Minister needs every moment which can be snatched from the cares of state for rest and recuperation. Even a fortnight's visit to Australia must load him with a backlog of vital work. What upset Australians was that, even when in Opposition, neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Attlee, although both have made many trips out of England, yielded to the many invita-

tions to spend a few hours longer in the air getting here. Last year, indeed, Mr. Attlee came as close as Burma for about a week. But his fellow Labour chieftains here could not persuade him that Australia, where so many tens of thousands of his constituents were migrating yearly, was worth a cursory glance.

Through 1950 and 1951 the general public was buoyed up with the hope of a visit of His Majesty King George. Later, when his health put this out of the question, enthusiasm was transferred to the prospect of a visit from his daughter and her husband. But King George's death twenty months ago involved a second cancellation after the royal couple had actually set out for Australia. The hearts of the whole nation went out to the Royal Family, but no one any longer had much inclination to keep quiet about Ministers so totally indifferent to this rather large section of the Commonwealth.

All this came to a head when the Australian political representatives were in London this summer for the Coronation. The result has been an eye-opener. In a matter of months—no, I think one should say weeks—we have had no fewer than three British Ministers here with the prospect of more to come almost immediately. Within the past six weeks Mr. Duncan Sandys has completed a visit to every state; Lord Cherwell has been and gone, enveloped in a mushroom smoke-screen of atomic secrecy, which had its ludicrous aspects. Now Lord Swinton has just arrived and is touring the country in a fashion which his post-war predecessors, as Ministers for Commonwealth Relations, might well have anticipated every year or two since the war. Lord de L'Isle and Dudley is due

soon, and, to cap it all, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself will arrive in January. A local wag has observed that 'barely 183 years after Captain James Cook, the Conservative Party has discovered Australia'. The British Labour Party still has to cross that threshold. Since the war, apart from two ridiculously brief visits by Mr. Noel Baker and Lord Jowitt, I do not recall any of the senior Labour leaders finding time for even a fortnight in this country. As they have tens of thousands of friends and admirers here, one ventures to suggest that in the interests of people in both countries closer acquaintance might be desirable.

Some of the men who ruled Britain for six years, and who may well be in that position again one day, should find out something about Australia at first hand. My own direct contact with British politicians of all parties during three years in Fleet Street recently suggested that in some cases their certain knowledge of Australia was limited to about four basic facts. We had 'vast open spaces'; we had kangaroos and other fauna that were unique; we were cricket mad, and we returned to England small but vocal groups of frustrated migrants who clamoured furiously against Australia, Australians, and their migration schemes.

It is not really good enough, is it? With all due deference, one might suggest that Messrs. Attlee, Morrison, Nye Bevan, Gaitskell, and one or two others should draw lots in the next few months, and then at least two or three of them should, before the next British general election, find out if there is anything more to Australia than kangaroos and cricket mania. It could be valuable to Britain's 50,000,000 in many more ways than the obvious ones. Among these, of course, are, first, understanding both the Australian and the migrant side of the migration business at first hand; secondly, looking at the international scene from this side of the world; thirdly, getting some picture of Australian industrial development since 1939; fourthly, increasing our meat production for your market; and fifthly, but by no means last, seeing at first hand the possibilities opening up for us and the whole Commonwealth thanks to uranium discoveries and projects here.

'Now You Have Uranium . . .'

Mr. Sandys, Lord Cherwell, and Lord Swinton have indeed been so preoccupied with uranium that the cynical here have been inclined to say that at long last Australia has developed the right bait to draw a British Minister the whole three-day journey out here. You must pardon the scansion of this little doggerel which might well be sung by a whole pride, bevy, or gaggle of British Ministers:

There was a time, dear Aussies,
When visiting you was a bore,
But now you have uranium,
We love you more and more.

Seriously speaking, this sudden awakening to Australia around that Downing Street table, whatever its motives, must be valuable for us, and for you. Do not let us ever fall into the bad old track of one-way traffic.

For many thinking people in this country one of the least happy things in recent years has been the growth of an impression in Britain that in our outlook on world affairs we are getting closer to Washington than to London. One cannot say too strongly that this is sheer nonsense. The blame is not with you. Some of the sayings and doings of members of our governments have been wide open to misinterpretation. The Anzus Pact is not easy to appreciate or accept when you are looking at it from the North Atlantic. It assumes quite a different shape and colour when you sum it up from the South Pacific.

To the very great regret of a large minority in this country, Australia has not yet followed Britain in the matter of recognition of China's Government at Peking. This is not because Americans have fooled us with a tremendous spate of propaganda about Chiang Kai-shek which pours forth from a section of their newspapers, their weekly journals, and from headline-making Congressmen in Washington. Most Australians, I think, recognise that Chiang's government was a tragedy for China and for the free world. Nearly all Australians loathe communism in all its forms, yet there is enough realism here to see its arrant nonsense—to pretend the leader of a few tens of thousands of defeated troops on the island of Formosa can be treated as the ruler of China's 450,000,000.

But our Foreign Ministers—we call them Ministers for External Affairs—have been in a most embarrassing position. Washington, under both the Truman and Eisenhower regimes, has set its face firmly against the recognition of Peking. The Americans are our friends and allies in the Pacific; the whole future of Australia and its security is

completely bound up with recognition of the fact that without American support, we can never hold this continent for the English-speaking peoples. Place yourself for a moment in the shoes of an Australian Minister for External Affairs today. He probably has—this is certainly true of the present incumbent—the most profound personal affection for Britain, and the greatest loyalty to the Crown and Commonwealth. Yet from Washington he finds the realistic British approach to the facts in China treated with an attitude which ranges only from chilly reserve to ranting anathema.

It is not easy, is it? The Anzus Pact was not for a moment an intended slap at Britain. It was just some form of insurance against the dangers of American eagerness to remake Japanese industry and even to rear Japan's legions. In New Delhi the other day our Minister for External Affairs suggested that we must be prepared to admit both Japan and Communist China to the United Nations. To most Australians this is rather a difficult business. Rightly or wrongly, they distrust and even mock all American talk about the rebirth of Japan, the death of Japanese militarism, and the love of democracy allegedly springing forth in Japanese breasts. It seems to us that it would take at least two or three generations to produce these things. We want more evidence than the facade suggested by Japanese enthusiasm for baseball, coca-cola, and American slang. These attributes are not really enough to prove the transfiguration of a country. What went on in the years 1941 to 1945 in Asia, in the islands between Asia and ourselves, is not forgotten yet in tens of thousands of Australian homes. We are not smug about trying to forgive, but no one can make us forget.

Yet surely if the United Nations is to be a world forum, both the old enemy, Japan, and the new potential danger to our existence, Communist China, must have a place and voice there. Together, they represent a population sixty times greater than our own, more than a fifth of the whole population of the globe. How can there be a world assembly for ventilating and negotiating differences if one-fifth of the human race is automatically excluded? This is the realistic attitude. One does not need to embrace communism—even Mao Tse-tung's version of communism—nor accept all the smooth speeches of Japan's bland diplomats to be realistic and recognise that for our own sakes these nations must find their place at the world forum.

Another thing: there has arisen, particularly because of events in Korea in the past two years, a considerable misunderstanding between India and the United States. Australia is yearly growing closer to India. To many Australians Pandit Nehru is one of the few really great figures of the age. Yet we are bound by obvious ties of mutual language, faith and comradeship of the war to the people of the United States. It is not too much to hope that Australia may contribute as much as British leaders to bringing New Delhi and Washington to a better mutual understanding. If the present breach grows it will be a sad day for the whole free world, and not least for Australia.

One final word from this end of the globe. You have all read how eagerly our people are awaiting the visit of Her Majesty and the Duke. Tremendous spontaneous affection and loyalty towards them, comparable at all points with your own in Britain, fills almost every home in this country. But back of it all is another feeling which no Briton should misunderstand or underrate. There is a deep-seated love and sympathy for the people of the Old Country. Tens of thousands visited and lived among you in the years since the war. We all knew something of your sacrifices and your difficulties. In all the years since Britain colonised this country, the affection for the homeland, and the admiration for what her leadership is trying to do on the world stage, have never been greater. Make no mistake, Australia's heart is still entirely with Britain. We have elsewhere other friendships, but no comparable loyalty.

—Home Service

The 1953 Reith Lectures
by Professor J. Robert Oppenheimer on
'Science and the Common Understanding'
will be published in THE LISTENER
beginning next week

A Frontier of Fear and Tension

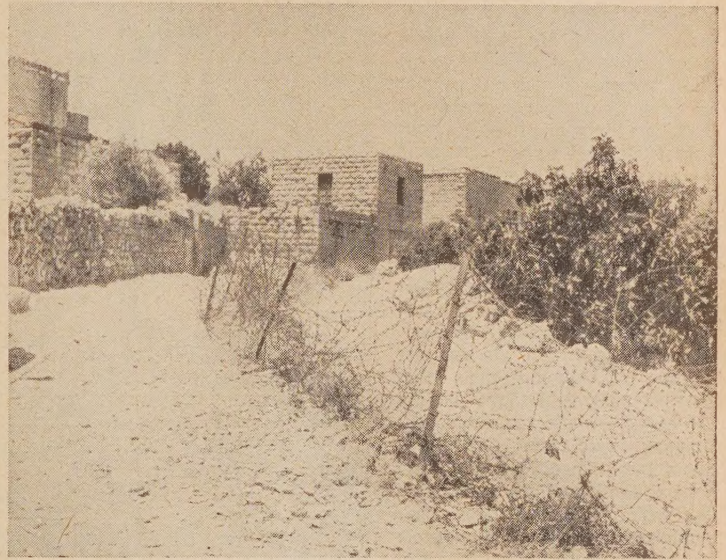
NANCY CRAWSHAW on the Israel-Jordan armistice line

IT is five years since the bitter war between the Jews and the Arabs for the domination of Palestine was brought to an end by an uneasy truce. Today the main centre of tension is the armistice line which separates Israel from Jordan. This line was only intended as a temporary frontier until the newly created state of Israel and the neighbouring Arab countries reached a final peace settlement. In fact it remains the frontier today and the chances of a peace settlement seem more remote than ever. This frontier cuts Palestine in two, separates Jordanian villages from their lands, and even slices houses in half. It is not surprising that it is one of the most provocative frontiers in history. On the one side of the line the new Jewish state struggles to make a success of life on a slender foothold in a hostile Arab world; on the other side roughly 250,000 destitute Arabs look down from the barren hills of central Palestine on to the orchards and fields they formerly cultivated in the fertile coastal plain.

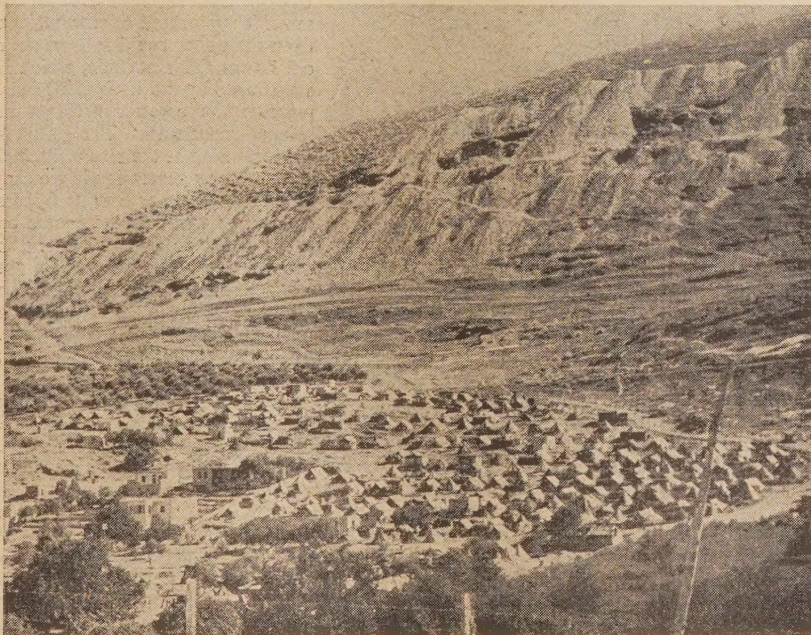
The Arab-Israeli border incidents are not a new problem. The Arabs have a traditional contempt for man-made barriers, and almost from the day Israel came into existence they have been crossing and recrossing the boundary. Israelis also cross the frontier. But their incursions, though very much fewer, tend to be mainly of a military character. Many of the Arabs who cross go to visit relatives in areas which are Jewish controlled, such as Galilee. They also go to the Gaza strip which is separated from Jordan by Israeli territory. Starvation drives others to pilfer across the border, usually in their old homes and fields. A small criminal element trading in hashish uses Israel in transit between Syria and Egypt. These men are wanted by both the Jordanian and the Egyptian authorities. In the past year the border incidents have taken on a more dangerous character. A greater number of the Arabs who used to cross on comparatively harmless missions are now believed to be carrying arms. And Israeli attacks on Jordanians and their villages are on a large scale, involving the use of heavy weapons. Jordanians tell you that it was because the Israelis fired on unarmed peasants that

the Arabs began to carry arms in self-defence. Israelis tell you that attacks by armed Jordanians against the Jewish frontier settlements provoked Israeli reprisals against Jordanian villages.

To the traveller who approaches the border from the east, as I did, the break in geographical unity, which the temporary frontier enforces, is particularly striking. Shortly after crossing the river Jordan the landscape undergoes a drastic change. The road winds slowly up to



The Arab village of Beit Safafa, near Jerusalem, which is cut in two by the frontier: on the right of the barbed wire is Israel; on the left, Jordan



Refugee camp in the Nablus area: in Jordan alone there are nearly 500,000 refugees

Photographs: Nancy Crawshaw

Jerusalem, and with the approach of the Holy City spread out on its four hills you begin to feel that you are close to the Mediterranean. The terraced slopes begin, with their fig trees, olives, and vines. From now on narrow valleys, roads, and railways lead, almost inevitably, to the sea. . . . But the sea lies beyond the frontier.

In Jerusalem I felt strongly the frustration which every traveller feels when his journey is brought sharply to a halt by an artificial barrier. Without warning we came upon the corridor of gutted houses which divides the Arab side from the Jewish half of the city. Weeds straggle endlessly across the rubble; and rusty wire obstructs the gaps between the ruins. This all adds to the general feeling of futility and desolation. When the armistice line was drawn this stretch of no-man's-land was created with the idea that it would preserve the peace. The effect has been the opposite, for both the Arab and Jewish halves as well as the surrounding suburbs are desperately overcrowded, so attempts are made to occupy houses in this zone and these attempts frequently lead to incidents.

The bitterness which the Arab states feel for Israel, and for Britain and America whom they hold responsible for Israel's existence, reached its peak, I found, in Jerusalem. In the Arab side of the city no one uses the word 'Israel'; the bustling pioneer state across the wire is usually referred to as 'the other side', or 'Jewish occupied Palestine'. When I

tried to buy a map showing the frontier, the shopkeeper politely explained that no such map was published, for the simple reason, he added, that 'we do not recognise that any such frontier exists'. Yet Jerusalem was the only place on a 2,000-mile journey where I came across Arabs who sought a practical solution. Some of the Palestinian Arabs want the internationalisation of Jerusalem. They recognise that trade with the Jews and a normal flow of tourist traffic are essential to the city's well-being. But these are the voices of realism and moderation which have not found public expression. For these ideas clash not only with the Zionists' determination to make Jerusalem the capital of Israel, but also with the reluctance of Jordanian politicians to relinquish Jordanian sovereignty over the Old City.

Some of the worst absurdities of the boundary are to be found in villages near Jerusalem. In the small Arab village of Beit Safafa, for instance, the wire which marks it runs along the main street. One Jordanian showed me his father's house in Israel. We could almost touch it. But when we spoke to the Arab women who came to gaze at us from the roof they ran away. Talking to your friends, your parents, and still worse to strangers across the wire, is an offence. It is known as 'communicating with the enemy'. In most places the frontier has resulted in economic disaster. Relief workers took me on a tour of the frontier villages. We saw people who were half starved, children who were sickly for want of food. Most of these villagers are not eligible for United Nations relief because they still have houses. At Imwas—where the people not long ago were eating grass—they showed me the olive trees. These were on the Israeli side of the wire, but within a few yards of their Arab owners. When the villagers are without work they are forced to beg. In the Jordan valley during the harvest the destitute come from miles around to glean amongst the stubble. Every day Arabs can look out over their lands, some lying fallow in the neutral zone, some further off being cultivated by Israelis. Sometimes the peasants will risk death to take a couple of oxen across the line to plough a few acres of their own land.

At only one point has common sense prevailed in a potentially explosive situation. This was at a village near Jerusalem which dominates the Jewish-controlled railway from a strategic height. During the British Mandate the village was largely a community of railway workers; its neat terraces planted with onions, figs, and olives watered by the village spring, were a secondary occupation. Today they depend on their land, and the village's best olives and its school are in Israel, across the railway cutting. The Jews allow the residents to cultivate within the original boundaries of the village, and children cross the frontier daily to go to school. Israeli trains which pass this vulnerable point regularly from Lydda to Jewish Jerusalem are not blown up. As we lunched with the Maktar, an Israeli truck went by, and an Arab crossed into the olive groves. All this has been arranged on an unofficial basis.

Nearly everywhere else the frontier seemed to be a constant source of fear and provocation. Many villagers spoke of their fear of Israeli expansion. The tight-packed, new, white Jewish settlements which in places come almost to the edge of the border inevitably make you feel that at any moment the new state must burst out of its boundaries—and the Israeli practice of holding army exercises with live ammunition close to the border certainly increases tension on the Jordan side. But on the Jewish side there is fear and tension too. It is largely the new

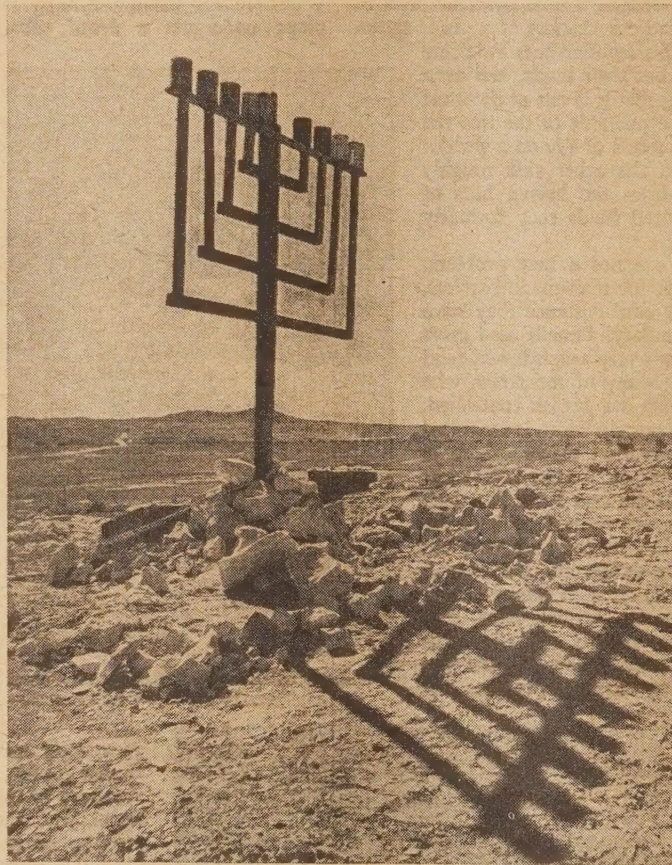
settlers who live here. Many come from central or eastern Europe, often ignorant of the conflict between their new country and the Arab world, and of its history. They take up the old Arab farmlands within easy range of the original owners and live in constant fear of raids, watched by enemies they can see as they till their fields. Matters are made worse by the far-off politicians in Damascus and Baghdad who, for political effect, persistently commit themselves to 'a second round against the Jews'. The Jews' explanation of their raids on Jordanian villages is that these are intended to deter Arab infiltrators. But, in fact, the chances of a *modus vivendi* decrease with each raid. For, as with all reprisals, they foment the sense of injustice because they inevitably fall on the innocent. The Israelis complain that the Arab Legion, with its British officers, fails to control the border. The

Jordanian authorities point out that no force can prevent the local people, who know every inch of the way, crossing a frontier over 300 miles in length. The Jordanians catch about 3,500 Arabs a year on the border. Many of the inmates of west Jordan's prisons are serving sentences for infiltration. In Jordan it is believed that the greatest number and the most serious infiltration offences are committed by refugees from sordid camps close to the frontier, for in Jordan alone there are 475,620 refugees. Over 360,000 live west of the river, often within easy reach of their old homes in Israel.

In these camps, bitterness is turning to desperation. I visited one of the camps overlooking Israel. It was a desolate slope exposed to the full blast of winter and to the blazing heat of summer. Miserable hedges of brushwood draped with ragged clothes put out to dry separated one tent from the other. I asked people why they could not go to a better place—instead of remaining perched like some hideous excrescence on top of the local village. The reply is always the same. They wanted to stay because from there they could still see their old homes. This attitude, which is encouraged by the Arab politicians, presents the greatest problem of refugee resettlement. The refugees are increasing at the rate of 25,000 a year. A new generation is growing up which has never seen its fathers do a day's work. Many people on

the spot feel that there can be no lasting peace on Israel's borders so long as the refugees are without homes and work. The refugees do not actually constitute a military threat to Israel, at least not at present. The real danger comes from the threat of internal unrest in the refugee area and in neighbouring Arab states where feeling runs high on this issue. Already there are signs that the communists are exploiting the discontent and the idleness of the refugees.

It is because the border situation has the seeds of a far wider conflict that it cannot be dismissed as a local quarrel between bad neighbours. Incidents, such as the demolition of Qubbiya by Jewish forces a few weeks ago, could rapidly inflame the Arab people into active revolt against the west instead of their present state of latent hostility. The west, with its vital oil and strategic interests in the Middle East, cannot afford to let this happen. In the last resort it is the Western Powers who can control the course of the border conflict. They supply arms to the Arabs and the Jews. They also supply the economic aid which at present neither Israel nor Jordan can do without. Up to now the Western Powers can almost be accused of culpable negligence in allowing an obviously dangerous situation to reach its present pitch. Today the United Nations face a problem which will be even more difficult to solve than it would have been a year or two ago.—Home Service



In a lonely outpost in the Negev soldiers have built a traditional Chanukkah candle-holder from wood and ration tins: this is close to a section of the road claimed by both Israel and Transjordan, where periodic border fighting occurs

'Open Disagreements Openly Arrived At'

By WILLIAM CLARK

B RITAIN certainly has become the whipping boy of the whole Trieste crisis, as Mr. Eden said in the House of Commons this week. The crowds in Italy are demonstrating against Britain; even the Prime Minister, Signor Pella, seems to find us more guilty than the Americans though the responsibility in Trieste is jointly held by Britain and America.

This should not be much of a surprise. It is easy today to stir up anti-British feeling in Italy. When I was in Rome last month I saw the beginnings of these riots, and they were almost entirely directed against Britain. The United States, where every Italian family has at least one cousin, was left almost unabused.

Italy's Resentment of Britain

I tried to find out why Britain was so unpopular. It is unexpected, because there is in Italy a long tradition of friendship and admiration for Britain; and personally I was treated with courtesy and kindness by everyone, from the Prime Minister to the taxi-driver. Yet I felt the deep resentment of Britain, based on the fact that it was British troops and British ships that defeated Italy so ignominiously in the war. Our refusal to accept Italian miners in this country out of the thousands of Italians unemployed is another cause of bitterness, and just recently anti-British feeling has been fanned by the suspicion that it was Britain, rather than America, which was so anxious to avoid offending Marshal Tito.

I dare say this suspicion has some foundation in fact. Tito was invited to Britain earlier this year because it has been our policy for some time to show that Russian satellites can leave the Soviet orbit and be received by the western nations as friends and allies. By inviting the Marshal we made it clear that our objection to other regimes in eastern Europe was not that they were communist—so is Tito—but that they are tools of Russia's imperialism, which Tito is no longer. If eastern Europe is ever to be detached from the Russian empire by peaceful means it is likely to be on the Yugoslav pattern. That is why we are so determined not to offend now. To lose Tito would be to lose a powerful lever for prying the satellites loose. But to lose Italy now would be to show that our own western alliance could be blown wide open. If Italy were so offended by the handling of the Trieste crisis that a new government were formed—one which was basically hostile to the west, which would not join the European army, nor play its part in Nato—that would be a disaster; not because we lost Italy's military strength but because it showed how fragile our alliance was. It would be a gain for Moscow that would almost offset the Soviet loss of Yugoslavia's.

It is for these reasons that, as Mr. Eden said, Britain, France, and America are still determined to try to bring the two quarrelling countries to a conference table where a solution agreeable to both parties can be found. But can it? There is nothing magical about conferences; they can fail. The only reason that this conference might succeed is that the need for agreement really outweighs the points of quarrel. If you are prudent, you do not quarrel with your rich uncle just because he gives your brother a better Christmas present than you. In real terms, in terms of politics and economics, of safety and of solvency, both Italy and Yugoslavia need their association with the west more than they need a triumph in Trieste. So, if common sense can triumph over nationalist emotion, the conference will meet and will succeed.

In fact, conferences only succeed when the interests in common are greater than the points of disagreement. That is a useful rule of thumb which we can apply to other conferences—with Persia or with Russia. I think we must accept the fact that there is not going to be a high-level conference with Russia just now. The Soviet Note last week in reply to the western invitation to a Foreign Ministers' meeting in Lugano made it pretty clear that there will be no meeting with Malenkov, no meeting even with Molotov. Why is this?

The easy answer is just to say: the Russians do not want a meeting, which shows up their insincerity however much Mr. Molotov drinks toasts to peace, and however many peace doves are launched by communists. That answer is correct as far as it goes, but it does not explain

why the Russians do not want a conference at all. The reason for that, I would suggest, is that they do not want any change in the present position; there is nothing for them to bargain about over Austria and Germany. In fact those conditions for a successful conference that I have mentioned are not fulfilled; the interests in common between east and west do not obviously outweigh the disagreements between them.

Look for a moment at Europe from Moscow. Austria is important not for itself but because as long as there is no peace treaty, Russian troops are stationed well forward in central Europe; and—more important—Russian troops have the right to be stationed along the lines of communication to Austria, which means that the Red Army sits in Hungary and in Rumania. What advantage would Russia get from an Austrian peace treaty? None that I can see. She would merely lose her grip on these two rather restive satellites.

What about Germany? If there were any move towards reuniting east and west Germany there would have to be free elections, and ever since the rebellion in Berlin of June 17 the Russians have known that free elections would simply sweep away their puppet government.

But Russia might reckon this way: if Germany is reunited and if the Red Army is then withdrawn, then the American army must be withdrawn too, and Germany must be neutralised. To get that solution it might be worth Russia's losing east Germany. Yet, plainly, if Russia made that offer openly it would be turned down by the Western Powers. For us it would mean almost certainly the withdrawal of American forces across the Atlantic Ocean, and the paralysis of Nato, which depends on forward bases in Germany. It would also mean the end of the European army and the rebirth of a German national army, standing between east and west, ready to play off the one against the other. And what would we have gained for all this? Simply that Russian troops would have moved back a few miles across that great flat eastern European plain—miles that could be recovered in a week of marching. In that situation there does not seem to be much chance of striking a bargain; there does seem every chance that the present situation will be maintained for some time. It may leave Europe in a nasty hole, but nobody knows a better hole to go to at present. That is what I meant by saying last week* that we are now in a period of cold truce.

If there is going to be no meeting of heads of states to settle the globe, if there is to be no meeting of Foreign Ministers to settle Europe, and if, as seems increasingly likely, there is to be no political conference even to settle Korea, how are we to get out of our present situation? Or are we stuck? Perhaps there is just a wink of light at the end of the long tunnel, if we consider other methods of reaching a settlement. The post-war system of diplomacy has been to do everything in the open, to hold big high-level conferences in the full glare of publicity. For instance, the latest Russian Note was broadcast by the Moscow radio before it could even be studied in our Foreign Office. And surely this new open diplomacy has failed: open disagreements openly arrived at are not a method of making progress.

No Press Photographers

If the conditions for successful negotiation are to be met, if we are to find points where agreement outweighs disagreement, it is likely to be on small things first. One of the most interesting items of news last week, which had two or three lines in a few papers and no lines at all in most of them, was that our new Ambassador to Moscow called on Mr. Molotov. There was no *communiqué* after that talk; there were no press photographers present. It was a private talk.

It is through just such private talks on small matters that we may begin to break the deadlock; not through big, open conferences. But the use of diplomats for diplomacy is an almost forgotten art, and this method of negotiation will need a good deal of time. In the long delays the free world will need to keep its patience and its unity, or incidents like Trieste will break up our alliance and destroy our hopes.

—Home Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Personal Relations

IN a talk which we publish this week—the first of a series of eight entitled ‘Prospect of Britain’—Mr. Christopher Salmon emphasises the importance of personal relations and suggests that they have become endangered by the ‘unnecessary’ isolation created in the modern world. Mr. Salmon would be the first to admit that his impressions and conclusions are arguable. But no one would deny that there is truth in them. Most marked is the isolation in Greater London. Families who move up from the so-called provinces are frequently conscious of the unfriendliness, even hostility, prevalent in the capital city. They have to find or make their own friends; but everybody is busy or absorbed in his own interests; the suburbs lie considerable distances apart, so that it often takes as long to travel from one to another as from London to Birmingham; and seldom is that spontaneous gesture of friendship of inviting new acquaintances to one’s own home substituted for the more convenient quick luncheon at a ‘pub’ or a club. It was, as we often remind ourselves, different during the war, when a common sense of danger united us or the difficulties created by the ‘black-out’ threw people into closer contact with their neighbours. Nor can it be questioned that in times of illness or death the feeling of neighbourliness often overcomes habitual indifference.

But there is another aspect of the question which is not confined to London and the larger cities. Only the most flexible and friendly people tolerate the notion of being suddenly uprooted from their homes. That was partly why in the epoch between the wars unemployment was such an intractable problem. Under the spur of destitution men and women did move out of the distressed areas, but enthusiastic advocates of industrial transference often found themselves resisted by the very human desire to stay put.

All societies, from the tribal societies described by Sir Henry Maine to the modern totalitarian state, must to a large extent be based on associations, though some are compulsory and some voluntary. The political philosophers who stemmed the nineteenth-century vogue of Hegel and his followers for the all-embracing state (which, derived in turn from Rousseau) urged that the voluntary associations were in fact the best guarantee of individual liberty, that is to say, of the full expression of the personality. No state, however powerful, they argued, could hope to destroy such associations—the churches, the Freemasons, the trade unions. But since then men have lived to see those very associations threatened, transformed, and sometimes destroyed. Perhaps they did not fight hard enough for survival. But still the fact remains that the modern police state, with such weapons as a Gestapo or a network of informers at its disposal, has proved itself capable of undermining individual liberty. Modern novelists have pictured for us the terror engendered in ordinary families by the fatal knock on the door. Thus, while many of his listeners and readers will agree with Mr. Salmon that the threat to personal relationships is a genuine problem of our mechanised age, they will not at the same time forget that in this parliamentary democracy of ours those who value the old liberal traditions have much for which they may be thankful.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Russian Note

ON NOVEMBER 5 MOSCOW RADIO broadcast the text of the Soviet Note in reply to the western proposal for a four-power meeting on Germany and Austria at Lugano on November 9. The Note made no reference to the suggested meeting; instead, it repeated the earlier Soviet proposal for a five-power conference to include China, followed by a four-power conference on Germany. In effect, the Note stated that the Soviet Union was not prepared to talk until the Western Powers had renounced the E.D.C., Nato, and the bases on which western defence depends. Many western commentators found in the Note a confirmation that Soviet foreign policy retained its rigid Stalinist nature, and did not at present desire a settlement.

From Switzerland, the *Bund* was quoted as saying that the time has surely come when the Western Powers should hasten ratification of the E.D.C. and thus create a situation which might induce Moscow to come to the conference table. The *Washington Post* was quoted as saying it was evident the Kremlin’s policy was to continue to aggravate rather than relieve world tension. It went on:

And yet, notwithstanding the diplomatic intransigence of the Kremlin, Sir Winston thinks that he perceives a general slackening of world tension due to the enforced preoccupation of the Soviet Government with purely domestic affairs. Interestingly enough, this view is widely shared here in Washington. There is a growing belief that at this stage of events the Soviets cannot afford either war or peace, that all is far from being well within the Soviet Union, and that its peoples are growing more and more restive, and that the Communist regime is obliged, in the interests of its own preservation, to encourage by every possible means the illusion of danger from without.

Both *The New York Times* and the Swedish newspaper *Syd-Svenska Dagbladet* noted Moscow’s attempts to increase French dissatisfaction with Anglo-American plans for Germany. The latter paper was quoted:

The Russian Note confirms the fact that Moscow’s policy in Europe is concentrated on efforts to torpedo the E.D.C. This impression is further strengthened by the Soviet reminder of the Pact between Russia and France, whereby both countries are bound to take joint measures against a revival of German militarism. The weakest link in the democratic chain is being consistently belaboured by the Russians in the hope that some day it will break.

The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted for the following comment on the passage in Sir Winston Churchill’s speech in parliament in which he stated that the new weapons of mass destruction might bring an unforeseeable security to mankind:

With this stalwart leader such thoughts are not combined with any weakening of effort and their expression can serve a good purpose in reminding us all that present sacrifices need not be in vain. Out of uncertainty may come certainty, and out of the most fearful of all threats a new stability. But the first requisite is strength and unity. In this, Great Britain gives every assurance that she will not fail.

Many western commentators stressed the point that the Soviet Note showed that the Soviets are not at present interested in a German settlement, and many of them thought the reason was to be traced to conditions in east Germany since the June revolt. The *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as saying:

The Soviet Government dare not risk free elections in east Germany with the inevitable defeat of the German communists and the effects this might have on the other satellite countries. So long as this remains true, there can be no reunion of Germany and no settlement in Europe.

Moscow broadcasts maintained that the Soviet Note expressed the willingness of the Soviet Union to come to a conference on Germany, but that the E.D.C. made discussion of German unity impossible.

World attention focused once more on east Germany when the communist authorities there announced that an underground organisation had been smashed and numerous arrests had been made. The east German radio broadcast an editorial in *Neues Deutschland* saying:

The fact that our state security organs, thanks to the vigilance and help of our citizens, should once more have succeeded in arresting substantial groups of these secret services organised by the United States and west German imperialists, demonstrates . . . how much the state can rely on the active support of the people. . . . However, all who are approached by agents, and those who have already fallen victim to blackmail, should remember that they can still prevent further crimes by their own frankness. . . . By supplying information to the authorities, every citizen can contribute to individual safety and smooth progress towards . . . a better life. . . .

Did You Hear That?

RUMANIA IN 1953

IN 'FOREIGN REVIEW' Mme. JEAN POPESCU spoke about life in Rumania. 'Ever since the Communist seizure of Rumania in 1946', she said 'the Iron Curtain protecting my country has seemed to be heavier, more dense, than that surrounding other satellite states. At first the Rumanians, who are easy-going by nature, appeared to believe that they—and they alone—would come to terms with the Soviet Government. The awakening came in the usual way with arrests, sudden disappearances, the total, though gradual, confiscation of all private property, and a heavy burden of taxes and contributions in kind, weighing down the rural population. The workers' lot was hardly more enviable.

'Retaliation took the shape of sabotage, the peasants' refusal to work on collective farms, and mysterious murders, to which many Russian soldiers of the occupation forces fell victims. But any form of discontent or revolt was rapidly repressed, and the peasants' unwillingness to till the land turned against them like a boomerang. Agricultural production sagged, Russian requisitions continued to increase, and undernourishment and fear broke any possible resistance. Poverty and deportation got the better of most of the upper classes, or the bourgeois—specially, as they were not allowed to work in state administrations or factories. Able-bodied men were made to work on the Danube-Volga Canal, which amounted to hard labour.

'People are denied private news in a country where the broadcasting system and press are under Moscow control. Newspapers usually copy *Pravda* word for word, and only one source of information remains: foreign wireless stations—which have never been successfully jammed. Therefore each speech or statement uttered by any English or American politician frays a little more nerves that are already over-wrought, bringing on fresh conflicts of hope and fear.

'In this tense atmosphere the news of Stalin's death came like a bombshell, breeding new illusions, and also producing some unexpected reactions. A rush to consult fortune-tellers became a craze among the remnants of the middle-classes; every home buzzed with hushed comments over what the future might hold in store.

'Then came Beria's fall, and Rumanian officialdom panicked. Some 200 arrests were made in the Ministry of Security alone and, ever since, Draghici, the Minister, has been doing most of his department's work himself, for fear of being betrayed by his underlings. The Prime Minister, Gheorghiu-Dej, became even more of a recluse, and the entire Government found itself in an increasingly awkward position. Some device or anodyne to calm heated spirits had to be quickly found.

'The ancient Roman formula—*panem et circenses*—suddenly struck the harassed Rumanian commissars as the answer to all their troubles. Why not turn the vaguely planned 1953 Youth Festival into a huge fair, taking the people's minds off their hardships, and also invite foreign journalists to visit the country for the first time for nearly six years?

'Most European and American newspapers welcomed the idea and decided to send representatives to Bucharest's August Festival. Work on the Festival started in April, when it was decided that a new stadium, set in Bucharest's outskirts, and just begun, had to be finished within

four months, and its steel and concrete covered in flags and bunting for the occasion. Bunting was needed for the entire city as well. Two factories were mobilised to weave the 8,000 miles of material required for decorations. Hundreds of tons of white paint were prepared to make up Bucharest's tired face and spread a shiny glaze over the peeling fronts of her houses and public buildings. All the old gipsy bands were revived, all curfews lifted, and street-dancing allowed to go on the whole night long. A brand-new opera was to be inaugurated and free open-air performances to take place in the Bucharest parks.

'Every citizen was allowed to draw two months' rations in advance.

An unexpected wealth of consumers' goods and gaily printed cotton fabrics invaded the shop-windows. Women managed to look almost elegant. But these compatriots always had a flair for clothes.

'Peace and Friendship' was the slogan of the day. Many countries had sent youth delegations—collectively led by Jacques Denis from France—who is Chairman of the World Federation of Democratic Youth. Each journalist had a guide-interpreter attached to his person, and a little Skoda car to take him wherever his guide would allow him to go.

'What journalists had to discover for themselves was the disproportion between wages and the cost of living. A worker's minimum wage is £3 a month

—a stakhanovist may earn £15, and in rare cases up to £25. A suit costs some £8 to £9, shoes £15 to £20 a pair, according to quality, a woollen pullover about £4. Rents are price-controlled and rationed food-stuffs too, but the free market is madly expensive'.

VIENNA STATE OPERA

They are rebuilding the Staatsoper in Vienna at the moment. It was destroyed in the war, and TED EARLEY of the BBC's German section spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'They finished putting the new roof on not long ago', he said, 'and most of the scaffolding has been removed. From the outside the lovely colonnades over the grand drive, wide enough to accommodate the Emperor's coach, a point of great importance when the house was built, and the terrace between the equestrian statues surmounting it are in the best of order. Altogether, the great building looks ready to open its doors. In fact, although the shell is once more whole and restored in its beauty, the interior is far from complete.

'During the last days of the war the Staatsoper suffered several direct hits, and incendiaries completed the destruction. The vast auditorium and the scarlet and gold foyer with its crystal chandeliers and the wide sweeping staircase were exposed to the elements. But even while the population of the city froze through the first winter with no fuel and little food the city's administration planned the restoration of the Opera. Huge tarpaulins were hung over the mouldering interior haunted by starving cats and homeless refugees, and the plans made for the city's reconstruction gave the Opera House and St. Stephen's Cathedral priority over housing and schools.

'Very few Viennese, who love to grumble, grumbled about that. Opera going in Vienna is not confined to a small section of the population. The bus driver and the railway porter queue up for a seat in the gallery, and



Vienna—a view from the Hoch Haus: the steeple and new roof of St. Stephen's Church are shown on the right of the picture

Vienna's school children discuss the current tenor as seriously as London children talk about the latest "western" films, and they regard the huge expenditure involved in restoring the marble and the plush and the gilding and the crystal as money well spent. The older people remember the Imperial box in its full glory and the gathering incomplete unless the Kaiser was there—the Imperial box that after 1918 stood empty, except for the very special occasion, until Hitler and Goering defiled it. And the younger people remember the quiet dignity of the years between the wars, with the beauty of the surroundings a perfect setting for the splendour of the performances, with the world's finest artists under such conductors as Richard Strauss and Toscanini and Furtwängler and Clemens Krauss.

'St. Stephen's Cathedral is restored and the big bell is back. The new wine flows again in the vintners' gardens at Grinzing and Oberskirchen, but not until the Opera is complete and the curtain rises to the setting of Mozart's "Don Giovanni", the first opera ever performed in the House, will Vienna be back to normal'.

THE INVENTOR OF THE HANSOM CAB

'We remember Hansom's name', said NORMAN TURNER in 'The North-countryman', 'almost solely because of his cabs, and most of those have disappeared now, but some of his other achievements are still there to be seen, if you know where to look for them. For by profession he was an architect, and many buildings that he designed still stand today.

'Hansom's first individual project of any size was his design for Birmingham Town Hall, a work which started off a series of setbacks which lasted throughout his thirties. He had to stand bond for the builders of the Town Hall, on terms which eventually made him bankrupt.

'The year after this Birmingham episode, 1834, Hansom registered his Patent Safety Cab, as he named it. He sold the rights to a company for £10,000, a sum that would have given him the capital he wanted, but the company ran into difficulties and no money was ever paid to the inventor. He did receive something indirectly when he took over the management of the firm and straightened their affairs, but it was only £300, a paltry amount considering the money that could be and was made out of his invention.

'About the same time he joined Robert Owen's Grand National Consolidated Trade Union, and saw it collapse within a year. And eight years afterwards, when Hansom was thirty-nine, he conceived another idea—a journal for the building trade in which ideas and views could be printed for the benefit of all members of the industry. Shortage of money made him withdraw from the scheme, and although the *Builder* became the leading trade journal, all that Hansom received was a small sum from the publishers.

'After this he had had enough of ideas and inventions. He devoted himself to architecture, and had the satisfaction of seeing some reward for his work. He designed buildings throughout the British Isles and in Europe, Australia, and South America. Among them were the cathedral at Plymouth; St. Walburge's Church, Preston; Great Harwood School; the Jesuit church in Manchester, and a convent at Darlington.

'Yet all this time the people of London were seeing more and more Hansom cabs on the streets. The hackney coaches of eighteenth-century design quickly wore out and led to a comparatively high accident rate. Hansom overcame this by having his cab run on two large wheels. This enabled the body to be slung nearer the ground and so reduced the wear and tear on the vehicle. The wheels planned originally were so large that his patent included an idea for passengers to climb aboard through one of them, though this was never put into practice.

'His first idea was to have the driver's seat at the side of the body, but in later designs it was moved to the familiar dickey seat high up

at the back, with the driver taking his orders through a small trapdoor in the roof.

'When Hansom died in 1882, he had seen much of his life's work successful—not always to himself, but successful nevertheless. There were his buildings, his trade journal, trade unions, and of course his cab, the cab that Disraeli christened "the gondola of London".'

PAINTING CHILDREN

'I have found that, when painting children, I must paint what I know rather than what at any given moment I see', said DONA SALMON in a talk in 'Woman's Hour'. 'I think it is quite a different problem from a grown-up portrait. So while I am painting I become a child-watcher. But it is form and line and colour that I am getting to know. The child responds best when the watcher is (by the child's standards) most entertaining.

'Any painter can be as entertaining and as ridiculous as any child requires by just having a few primitive accomplishments and then letting himself go. I put on my brightest clothes, and give myself a good dash of scent—because children love perfume. Yes, I sound like a dreadful old spider. However, luckily, that is not what the children think.

'The first visit is important because it is then I make my first drawings and decide on the pose. The child is probably shy, taking

his bearings and taking me in, and I can work quickly. By the second visit I have transferred my charcoal drawing to canvas and put on the first thin coat of colour. I am ready to paint from the model. This time he is not so shy and he can give his attention to exploring the studio. The most fascinating thing of all, of course, is my painting table, where all my colours, brushes, and palettes are laid out.

'Next time he opens the door he finds, with rapture, his own painting table set up on the model's throne with brushes, poster paints, paper, and a large sheet to tie round his neck. Now is the time when I have to use all my charms as an entertainer to see the child's face. I sing, I recite, I tell "The Three Bears" with every sort of embellishment—roaring *fortissimo* and *pianissimo*, *agitato*, *lento*, and *rallentando*. Towards the end of a picture my studio is really like a

corner of Bedlam. By now the child and I have quite cast care aside. We sing, we dance, we shout, we laugh, and we paint.

'Unfortunately he often feels about this stage that he could help me quite a lot by painting on my picture. I am painting a portrait of a little boy at present in whom this urge is perfectly satisfied by allowing him instead to paint on my legs. He thinks this is exquisitely funny. Every time he looks up into my face to see if I am enjoying the joke, too, I get a splendid view of his brilliant eyes.

'But there are children who are really only satisfied by painting on my canvas itself. They like to feel it is a joint enterprise. Last year in America I painted a picture of five children and their mother. The baby was eighteen months old. The picture was seven feet high, and when I was working on the heads the bottom of the canvas was very near the floor. This was a clever baby and perfectly able to deal with oil paint. He used to work on the bottom of my picture while I was working on the top. In return for this (he was a most reasonable child) he would every now and then mount the model's throne and give me five minutes of immobility. I must say I felt a pang when, a week or two later, I had to paint out his work and substitute his brother's feet which fitted into the design just there. When I gave a party for the unveiling of the picture and he was carried in in his nurse's arms I saw his eyes go instantly to his own corner. It must have been terribly confusing to see a pair of feet where he had left a lovely scrambled egg effect of yellow and red and green'.



A hansom cab outside the Albert Hall in the eighteen-eighties

Prospect of Britain

The first of eight talks by CHRISTOPHER SALMON

MY starting point in these talks, and the field of reference which everything I say will be meant to come back to, is personal relations: these taken privately, as we each undertake and experience them, but also in their full spread as we develop them from person to person up and down the whole country: in a word, our society. Society, after all, is what the rest is for. 'There are two questions', I heard a rather imperfectly educated curate say, 'which every man should ask himself: "What is life? And, what is 'is life for?"'

Our Social Convictions

Without raising ultimate issues we should all admit, I suppose, that society is what politics and economics are for. We, on the one hand, protect ourselves, and organise ourselves into a political unit, and, on the other, we work, in order that we may lead our private lives, severally and together, in our own way, according to our beliefs. What quality, then, do our lives have from believing what we do? How satisfactory a social whole have we made, can we make? By what principles do we think we should hold this society together? What do our social convictions amount to, when we distinguish them from other convictions, which are political and economic? How well do we, as political and economic agents, serve the society we aim to establish? All these are really moral questions, which cannot be answered on grounds of fact.

To raise questions, particularly of this kind, was not what I had expected to do. I had looked forward, when I started, to making myself something of an authority. For several years in the United States I had spent a good deal of my spare time trying to explain to Americans what it was that was really happening in Britain. (That phrase with its metaphysical implications ought to have put me wise at once.) For heaven's sake, I used to say, do look below the surface. This is not primarily a matter of politics at all. There is a sense in which everyone in Britain, tory, liberal, or labour, is a socialist now. To subordinate economic to social values is nothing new. Until 150 years ago, to do exactly this was universally assumed to be a first principle of the art of government. To call that point of view radical, let alone communist, is perfectly absurd. It is really essentially aristocratic. And so on. I was not, I think, particularly successful.

But now, at any rate, I told myself, this chance I will use to put myself in a position from which I can talk very positively to people, so that they will have to believe me. By travelling about, by seeing things for myself, I suppose I thought I should be able to get my hands on facts, so that my next story would be buttressed. It was nonsense, of course. The facts were all economic or political and not what I wanted. And in any case if they had been, I could have picked them up more easily from reports and summaries, without moving. Perhaps I also thought that my sense-impressions would yield insights. I am sure I did. But, again no such thing! The foreigner can receive sharp sense-impressions because he is detached and has no preconceptions. But, in one's own country, one is too much involved in what is happening. Detachment is harder to bring about.

It was not long, in any case, before I decided that if, in contemporary Britain, any one were to limit himself to what he could see, appearances would mislead him. What shows here even now is still preponderantly the past. There is much more of that, of course. Anyhow, I decided, in the end, that this predominance in the appearance of the past was very comforting because it suggested that even the most radical things we have done might still be continuous with what our forefathers did. And this surely would be a source of strength. Much the most visible of our achievements is local-authority housing. And the absurd thing is that this looks, even from a little way up in the air, strangely like an extension of the Edwardian and Victorian suburbs. The really significant feature of it does not show—that the rents of the houses have been subsidised. In the towns one sees the big hotels and the expensive restaurants full to the brim, and everywhere the big, expensive cars. But again one cannot see the most significant thing about them, that most of this extravagance

is not being paid for any longer out of people's private purses. The eighteenth-century terraces are still standing, thank goodness, in London and Edinburgh and Cheltenham and Bristol and Bath. Some of them even wear new coats of paint. But if you did not know, you probably would not notice that it is no longer families who live in them but lodgers only, or else government servants, or business clerks, who have offices there. From the outside you do not see how many of our houses—probably not less than 100,000 a year—stucco, brick, and even granite, are falling to pieces under the roof from lack of repairs. There is an ease in the streets, and the formalities of dress are gone, but that might be common sense. There is an absence of tatters and beggars, there are no bare feet, one sees no rickets, but this might be due to an increase in wealth all round. And it is the same in the countryside. The big country houses are still standing, while the disappearance of the estate, the significant change from tenantry to ownership on the farms, does not show. Only if you have known the landscape all your life will you notice the ploughland where the pasture was.

'England hasn't changed', an American told me this summer. 'It is extraordinary how our newspapers, and perhaps yours too, have misled us about it. I have been able to see things for myself again this year. They had fields of 150 out with the Duke of Beaufort's last winter. The master told me that. And I saw exactly the old touch at Ascot: I had actually forgotten it—attendants lifting two sickles of turf from the rails the gates to the royal enclosure run on: picking them up and laying them down again after the carriage had passed. Lovely! And there's nothing like it anywhere else in the world'.

So appearances were deceptive, and facts were not what I could use. There was nothing left for me but to talk to people. Travel where I could, talk to as many people as I could, look at what they had to show me, let my impressions build up, and add to this by reading what was relevant at leisure. When my journey seemed preposterously vague, as it often did, I told myself the story of the director's son who was taken on in the Great Western Railway. He did not seem useful for anything, so they sent him off to travel. 'Explore the system', they said. 'Go where you like and come back and tell us'. 'Well', they asked him when he came back, 'what strikes you?' 'In the coach shops', he said, 'they paint Great Western Railway on all the carriages. Why not, simply Great Western? Isn't the Railway obvious'. They thought it was, they cut it out, and when they added up the man-hours of work and money the boy had saved them, it came to thousands. Well, I said to myself, perhaps I may contribute more than I know. At least I knew now what I was looking for. A sight, however restricted, of what is going on below the surface, a sight of what it is that is really happening in contemporary Britain.

A Matter of People's Intentions

To anyone except a materialistic historian, what is really happening at any time is bound to be a matter of people's intentions. In a democracy it is bound to be a matter of widespread, popular intention. What, then, are we doing in this country, or trying to do? And it seemed to me that any answer which was to be satisfactory would have to be given in terms of social ideals. It must not be a political or economic answer, since politics and economics are only the means, not the end.

People, I felt sure, would have been far readier with answers to what I wanted to ask them in 1945. That was the election year, of course, which wielded so decisive a political verdict. I thought there was no doubt that even as recently as eight years ago I could have got from people a much more definite picture of what we had been aiming at. For a short time, after the war, I believe we thought we knew, even, perhaps, rather nearly, what social justice meant, and equal opportunity, and the good life. It may have been that in those days we thought we could get what we wanted merely by correcting abuses. Now, it seems to me, we are much less certain. Yet the fact is, I think, that we are, actually, now much nearer the kind of view which is likely to satisfy us. We have tested some of our earlier notions, and found them wanting. This is always useful and it has required a certain honesty. What I

seemed to uncover quite quickly, and everywhere, as I went about, was disagreement and uncertainty, as soon as people began to talk about what mattered to them.

This seems rather paradoxical in an age of planning, but at least it provides us with an unusually propitious atmosphere for discussion. Discussion, extended and thorough, seems to me now to be the all-important thing. But what we really need is a dialectic of life. We need to find means to bring not only our ideas but our experiences to bear on one another, up and down the country, on a national scale. The store of social experience which we have at our disposal is very various, and most of it is of extraordinarily good quality.

The Common Good

Among our relations I think of those as personal, or social, into which we can pour what we normally call ourselves. This vessel is the common good. It holds the experiences we call private but make every effort to share. This common good is made up of everything that passes between us in love, affection, disdain, anger, and all the other expressive and communicable modes of feeling, and also of everything that is common to us in our pursuit of intellectual and aesthetic interests. This includes art and scientific theory but excludes the applications of science. Added together our personal relations make up, at any moment, the reality of our social life. Behind them are all the institutions we normally call social: marriage, the family, the Church, the university, the school, the club, and so on. The institutions are the forms, the personal relations are the substance, of what I call society. I believe society is the right word. The trouble is that people often spell it with a big S, to stand for that rather negligible, and perhaps now even fictitious, group whose personal relations are so weak that they have to lead public lives even in their bedrooms. Community is a good word, but, with commune and communism, it seems to lean too much towards the Continent, and, in many cases, we need it for the local communities. Society suggests socialism which is too political for me, but, on the other hand, it suggests social and anti-social which is right up my street because that is the very question I want to raise: what is social and anti-social?

Everyone knows personally, and has personal dealings with, someone else, so that our social relations can be regarded as a living tissue of enjoyed experience stretching from one end of Britain to the other. The break comes between countries, since humanity is far from being one society. On the other hand, political association does not by itself produce a social unity. Political should follow social union and express it. Where it precedes it, a political association without the social unity may, like the League of Nations, suddenly disappear and leave no trace.

Though they are the social medium, personal relations are difficult to define. Through them, none the less, each one of us, as a person, must make our way, finding ourselves, developing ourselves, expressing ourselves in our dealings with others as best we can. To judge the quality of the medium which belongs to any society we must, among other standards, estimate how permeable it is. (This is not at all what the social scientists call social mobility. They are thinking of the physical movement of bodies. I am thinking of the influences of personality.) Besides what passes between us, we must think of what fails to pass, though we long for it.

If anyone was able to travel the length and breadth of our personal relations, he would understand the entirety of our culture; he would understand all the immediate social possibilities of being British. But the journey would be as difficult, in many places, as squeezing through the Cheddar caves. We are less homogeneously one than we like to imagine. Society expands and contracts, often to extremely narrow limits, as it passes, where it must, through our individual consciousness. The walls are no wider than our conceptions, so that sympathy is apt to stick at the shoulders. To make our personal exchanges we must first imagine them. Ah! we must say, and seeing the chance go forward to meet the person. So what is possible between us will depend on what is common in our outlooks. There are places in Britain where continuity hangs by a thread.

This is not, after all, surprising. We have put up with, or liked, or found necessary, in the past, large social differences. Different circumstances breed very different outlooks, and it may happen that from two ends of a street we may call nothing except an accident by the same name. The 'thirties drove a very deep rift between us. Most of the ill-will, perhaps, has by now disappeared, but not the different views and perspectives. Chance remarks floodlit the vistas. I was comparing notes with a London docker on the winter of 1940-41. He had sent

his four children to the country. His wife stayed on. The bomb came. They lost house and furniture, and after that slept in shelters, and with friends. Bad for family life, I offered. 'Not 'arf', he said, and then suddenly, and with passion and knowing that I could not expect this, 'but jam, pure bloody jam to what we had to take in the 'thirties'. Another time a union official in Edinburgh, a man in his fifties, was talking to me about the younger members of his union who had been demobbed in their early twenties, in 1945. 'What made all the difference to them—I notice it every day in my dealings with them', he said, 'was their having, had, unlike us, six years in a sheltered profession'. This man's experience made active service seem to him like security. And what we now call social security has divided whole generations. 'My own boy can't understand us', a riveter told me on Tyneside. 'He can't imagine what unemployment was like. "We shouldn't have taken it", he says to me, "we shouldn't have been such suckers"'.

I could not get out of my mind, as I moved about, how much of our social experience, individual and corporate, paid for in sincerity and effort and suffering down to the bone, we have let run to waste. Everyone needs to be able to feel that his long patience, his disappointed hopes, his repeated shocks, 'again, again', have, in influence upon others counted for at least a fraction of what they cost. This must always be partly a matter of individual art. It is so difficult to generalise, in any communicable form, from personal experience. But circumstances by themselves can make it almost impossible. Even now we seem to me to be compelling the inmates of many of our new towns and housing centres to struggle against an unnecessary degree of personal isolation. We break up the cousinships, the extended family connections, the intense street life of the neighbourhoods they come from, without providing them, in the absence of shops, churches, pubs and cinemas, with the means to build up anything in their stead. In the new standardised and shadowless streets, people are going private. 'It's a lovely house. The house is lovely', several housewives said to me, 'if only I could take it back'. The intense loneliness of one of them made her, after six months, scream in her house. The neighbours complained and she was sent to a psychiatrist. 'Have you anything on your mind?' he asked her. 'I'd have told him', she said, 'if I'd known'.

Isolation is nothing new, of course: 150 years ago it began to overtake whole sections of British society. The Industrial Revolution destroyed our self-subsistent communities. It gave us one social body of large flesh, but lacking nerves. One very bright field, full of communication, we did have. By the middle of the nineteenth century the new upper classes had enclosed an open and favourable milieu for themselves. Building their own schools and developing their new professions, they were able to transmit to one another in a brilliant and unrivalled flow the substance of what their experience taught them. They printed the newspapers. They wrote the books. They produced a new literary epoch. Their personal exchanges were among the best quality in the world. In France, in Italy, in Germany, English friendships became the ideal. These people were helped by their amenities, of course, by their houses, by their servants, by their money, but they owed far more to the sense they developed in their expanding world of mutual responsibility and common purpose. The drastic cutting down, through taxation, of these upper-class exchanges may be a more serious loss to us than we like to admit; they made, at any rate, a vital homogeneous medium running from one end of the country to the other.

Isolated Communities

Meanwhile, the other strata of society were left, as we know, during the same period, dreadfully without channels. Whole areas dominated by one occupation, were cut off from all social contact with the rest of society. In 1932, a domestic agency in the city of Gloucester gave me the names of three girls, all they had, but added, 'We don't recommend them'. 'Not one of them?' I said. 'Why not? Are their characters bad?' 'Not so far as we know, but they live in the Forest of Dean'. Here was this charming community, which afterwards I came to know very well, entirely cut off from any but economic and administrative connections with the rest of the country. And how bitterly did the coal-miners, all over Britain, to use only that one example, feel their isolation. And what fools we were not to take what they had to offer, corporate experience comparable to that of submarine crews or the regiments of the Eighth Army, only civil, since the women and children had shared it. And most of it had to be translated and diverted, as frustrated social experience always will be, into political and economic channels. Have we—and this is one of the questions I want to raise—have we learnt our lesson?—*Third Programme*

El Dorado

GEORGE PENDLE gives the fifth of eight talks on Latin America

LONG before the birth of Christopher Columbus people in Europe believed that an earthly paradise—a land of plenty, with a perfect climate—lay to the west, across the Atlantic Ocean. The belief in the existence of an Arcadia in that part of the world was encouraged by the occasional appearance of exotic woods, nuts, and—more rarely—Indian canoes, washed up on Europe's Atlantic shores. In the early fourteenth century the features of Arcadia were defined in an English poem, 'The Land of Cokaygne':

Out to sea, far west of Spain,
Lies the land men call Cokaygne.
No land that under heaven is,
For wealth and goodness comes near this . . .

When, nearly 200 years later, Columbus wrote of the Caribbean landscape and described the abundance and fertility of the newly-found islands, he seemed to be confirming the immemorial tales and dreams of a western Arcadia. For example, from the other side of the Atlantic he sent home the following report:

The island and all the others are very fertile, to an extraordinary degree . . . There are many rivers, good and large . . . Trees of a thousand kinds; and I am told that they never lose their foliage . . . Some of them were in flower, and some with fruit . . . It is a land to be desired, and, once seen, never to be left.

Among its other attractions, the mythical land of Cokaygne had offered precious metals and priceless stones:

. . . the bank about those streams
With gold and with rich jewels gleams.

Columbus was able to reassure his compatriots at home even in that respect. From the West Indies he wrote:

Many of these people, all men, came from the shore . . . and I was anxious to learn whether they had gold. I saw also that some of them wore little pieces of gold in their perforated noses. I learned by signs that there was a king in the south, or south of the island, who owned many vessels filled with gold.

When later explorers reached the Andes and found gold for the taking, it seemed, to many who lived in Europe, that the dreams of a paradise on earth had at last come true indeed. The *conquistadores* were tempted to go ever further in search of the even greater riches that were supposed to be hidden in the more remote parts of the Andean highlands and jungle. The legend of the gilded man, El Dorado, lured thousands to their death. Originally it was thought that the gilded man would be found in the altitudes of the country that is now Colombia, where, at a height of some 10,000 feet, is situated the desolate, grey, sacred lake of Guatavita, completely encircled by mountains. Unnumbered years before the Spaniards' coming, the beautiful and proud wife of an Indian chief, to whom she had been unfaithful, climbed from the high tableland of Bogotá to this lonely spot and drowned herself in



One of the skyscrapers of Rio de Janeiro, which 'are gold-mines for their owners and a wonderful sight to behold' but 'have been built in such haste that the city's electricity and water systems are inadequate to supply them'

the cold waters of Guatavita. Every year thereafter the unhappy chief came to the lake with offerings of gold. For the ceremony priests first covered his naked body with resinous gums and then spread fine gold dust over him from head to foot, so that he had (as a later chronicler recorded) 'a second skin of gold'. While thousands of his tribe stood around the rim of the lake, the chief appeared, golden and splendid in the morning sun. The spectators chanted and thumped their drums as the gilded man climbed upon a raft that was piled with gold and emeralds. This *balsa* was then paddled out into the middle of the lake, and there El Dorado threw his offerings of gold and jewels into the water and himself dived in to wash off his golden skin. The throng



The wealth of the Argentine—cattle being rounded up on the *pampa*

around the shore shouted and tossed their own gifts of carved gold—idols and ornaments—into the depths.

The story of this ceremony—it is undoubtedly founded on fact—fired the imagination of the Spaniards. They reached the lake, but were never able to discover El Dorado himself, nor the sunken treasure. Then the *conquistadores* heard of the tribe of warlike women in the south who were said to have quantities of gold, so El Dorado became associated with the Amazon. Later, El Dorado was identified with a legendary city named Manoa on an imaginary lake—Parima—in Guiana, and the search was transferred to that region of jungles, tropical diseases, and hostile tribes. The naturally speculative Sir Walter Raleigh was convinced that Manoa existed, a conviction which was shared by the contemporary poet George Chapman, who exclaimed enthusiastically:

Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,
Whose forehead knocks against the roof of stars,
Stands on her tip-toes at fair England looking,
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty breast.

Raleigh set forth to find Guiana's gold, but he failed. During a second disastrous expedition in 1617 his son was killed in a battle with the Spaniards, and Sir Walter returned to England in disgrace.

The 'New Arcadia'

The idea of El Dorado did not die, but later generations adapted it to new circumstances, and so, in regard to Latin America, there grew and persisted what I may call the 'El Dorado outlook'. Let us jump the centuries. In the year 1806 Sir Home Popham, an ambitious British naval officer who had recently taken part in the capture of Cape Town, was so attracted by the stories of South American wealth that he decided to cross the Atlantic with his squadron and invade the Spanish vice-royalty of the Río de la Plata. No sooner had his troops captured Buenos Aires than Popham despatched to England reports of the attractions of the 'New Arcadia' rivalling in optimism Raleigh's former accounts of Guiana, and he sent home more than \$1,000,000 of prize-money seized from the Spaniards. When this booty arrived in London it was paraded through the streets in eight waggons, each drawn by six horses, adorned with flags and ribbons, and accompanied by a band. On the front of each wagon were the words 'Treasure Chest'. The windows along the route of the procession were crowded with happy onlookers. Pamphlets were quickly published extolling the wonderful climate of Buenos Aires and the beauty of the ladies.

Visions of El Dorado caught the imagination of British business men and adventurers. But instead of being a gilded man or a mountain of gold in the middle of a lake, El Dorado was now seen as a vast new market where (everyone believed) great quantities of our manufactures could be sold for high prices and with a minimum of effort. Large consignments of merchandise were despatched to the River Plate; but when 2,000 British traders and adventurers arrived at the port of Montevideo to reap their reward they were horrified to learn that the people of Buenos Aires had meanwhile risen against the British troops and forced them to surrender. The disappointed merchants reluctantly landed at Montevideo and awaited the arrival of reinforcements from England under General Whitelocke, confident that Buenos Aires would be captured again and the golden market opened to them after all. Whitelocke arrived and was defeated; and so the entire British force—soldiers and sailors, business men and the miscellaneous riff-raff who accompanied them—were compelled to evacuate the River Plate. They arrived back in England from the New Arcadia as ignominiously as Sir Walter Raleigh, 200 years earlier, had returned from Guiana.

Nevertheless, the mirage of El Dorado still shimmered on the horizon of the South Atlantic. The Spanish Empire was disintegrating, and British traders re-embarked for the liberated territories. New cargoes of goods were shipped. Groups of hopeful colonists set sail—farmers and milk-maids, carpenters and blacksmiths. Loans were floated. But, as Professor Humphreys has written:

'what, above all, excited the most sober imaginations were the glittering prospects of working the far-famed South American mines, the source of fabulous riches, but many of them now abandoned through the flight of Spanish capital and capitalists. . . . The legend of El Dorado which, for nearly three centuries, had haunted western Europe, was born anew. Everyone knew, or thought he knew, that in Spanish America gold and silver were to be had for the taking. The Spaniards had reaped untold wealth. But Spanish methods of mining had been generally primitive; and what might not now be achieved by the introduction of modern machinery by the experience of the miners of Cornwall or Germany, by the power of steam, the key to a new age?

How the machinery would be transported to distant and lofty mountains, what might happen to Cornish miners in strange surroundings, whether the techniques of Europe were practicable in Spanish America, these were perfunctory questions which few stopped to answer'.

The companies were floated too recklessly, and with insufficient knowledge of local conditions. In all, twenty-six of these mining companies, with an authorised capital of more than £24,000,000, put shares on the market in 1824 and 1825. Less than a seventh of the capital had been paid up before panic began, and when the crash came a few months later it was complete and final.

In the beginning, therefore, El Dorado was believed to be a tribal chief who lived on the tableland of Bogotá: a single person, to be found at a definite place on the map. But when the Spaniards failed to find him, the gilded man, in their imagination, moved ahead; and movement for ever afterwards was one of El Dorado's characteristics.

Humboldt, recapitulating the early history of the legend, said:

The native Indians, to get rid of their troublesome Spanish guests, continually described El Dorado as easy to be reached, and situated at no considerable distance. It was like a phantom that seemed to flee before the European explorers, calling to them unceasingly.

El Dorado had become a golden mirage that moved over the whole continent, leading adventurous men forward to new exploits, new discoveries.

In the second half of the nineteenth century political conditions in Latin America became more settled, and European immigrants—particularly from Spain and Italy—poured into the new republics. After their own fashion, these peasants and craftsmen, merchants and speculators, were all seeking El Dorado. The mirage kept them moving. The Spanish philosopher, José Ortega y Gasset, when he first visited the River Plate some thirty years ago, saw the dreams of the immigrants reflected in the flat and seemingly boundless *pampa* scenery. Ortega wrote:

He who arrives at these shores sees, first of all, the 'afterwards': wealth, if he be *homo oeconomicus*; successful love, if he be sentimental; social advancement, if he be ambitious. The *pampa* promises, promises, promises. From the horizon it never fails to make gestures of abundance and concession. Here everyone lives on distances. Scarcely anyone is where he is, but in advance of himself; very far in advance; on the horizon of himself. And from *there* he governs and executes his life *here*, his real, present life. Everyone lives *from his illusions*, as though they were already reality.

Thus did generation after generation inherit the 'El Dorado outlook', the desire to 'get rich quick', the faith in a golden future.

Although the chase after El Dorado has so often led to disappointment and disaster, it has also often brought great wealth to individuals and communities. During the Spanish conquest and in colonial times huge quantities of precious metals were shipped to Spain. Subsequently cattle and land were recognised as adequate substitutes for—and a convenient means of acquiring—gold. Already in 1811 a young Scottish merchant, John Parish Robertson, met on the banks of the River Parana a man who owned 250,000 head of horned cattle, 300,000 mules, and more than 500,000 dollars in Peruvian gold. He wore satin and velvet, lace and gold buttons and silver spurs; and 'every article in his house where silver could be used, was made of it; plates forks, dishes, salvers, ewers, all were of silver'. In those days there was no need to *purchase* land, the custom being to pay two shillings a head for the cattle upon it and sixpence for each horse: the land itself was simply a bonus to the purchaser.

Fortunes in the Early Nineteen-hundreds

Sixty years or so later families of Italian peasants were swarming over the Argentine plains. They worked on a 'fifty-fifty' basis with the landowners, growing crops of grain and linseed. A family of these immigrants would earn a clear profit of £1,000 a year and then, after four years devoted to cultivating one *estancia*, would move on to another: another El Dorado, further ahead. When the time came for the building of railways, ports, tramways, waterworks, gasworks, and telephone and telegraph systems, foreign shareholders were often disappointed with the result of their investments; but dividend income in general was far from negligible, and British industry in particular benefited by exporting equipment, rolling-stock, coal, and a wide range of other goods to the British-owned companies. It is estimated that in the year 1911 foreign investments in Latin America amounted to at least £1,500,000,000. Of course fortunes have been made from local products, and today Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Guiana'—which is actually situated in Venezuela—has become an El Dorado in fact: not even

the imagined riches of the golden city of Manoa on Lake Parima could compare with the wealth of the Venezuelan oil-fields.

But from the beginning the 'El Dorado outlook' has demanded quick returns, and therefore in a number of instances it has led to rapacious exploitation of men, mines, and land; the rapid exhaustion of the coveted resources; and a failure to develop an orderly and progressive economy. This fact, indeed, is the primary cause of many of Latin America's economic troubles today. For example, in recent years the greed for real estate in the cities—an unfailing source of quick returns—has diverted capital away from more productive functions. It is typical of the Latin American way of life (in one of its aspects) that the ethereal skyscrapers of Rio de Janeiro, which are gold-mines for their owners and a wonderful sight to behold, have been built in such haste that the city's electricity and water systems are inadequate to supply them.

It is easy to point to the mistakes that have been made in Latin America, and to scoff at the grandiose schemes and the ostentation. But European observers must remember that the people of these great and growing countries know that a promising future lies ahead of them. Their optimism is inherited; but the prospects justify it and their surroundings—the fertile lands and the still untouched natural wealth of many areas—encourage it. I landed at the enormous aerodrome of Ezeiza, on the plains outside Buenos Aires, shortly after its inauguration a few years ago. A European companion remarked to me that the installation was obviously much too large for the traffic that it received, and he explained the vast dimensions and marble halls of the airport as being just another example of General Perón's megalomania. That criticism is unjust. Ezeiza may still be half empty today, but it is not too big an airport for Argentina's future requirements. It is a glimpse of the future brought forward into the present. And it is a truly *pampa* airport, having the width and space of the *pampa* in which it is situated. The aeroplanes dash along its runways like *gauchos* galloping to the horizon. And on the horizon you observe, here and there, shimmering clusters of eucalyptus trees,

As Ortega y Gasset said of this landscape, the clumps of trees on the distant rim of the *pampa* are appropriate to the temperament of the local people; they are pliant material which can be charmed into any shape that man's dreams require: they might be fairy castles, groves of pleasure-islands adrift. The airport of Ezeiza is not merely a nationalistic gesture: it is exactly the airport that you would expect to find in El Dorado. Similarly, Brazil's gigantic Salte Plan (which is now in suspense) and the projects for opening up and colonising the Amazon basin may seem unrealistic today, but they are not out of

proportion to the country's future. It is in participating in development schemes of this kind, in the construction of new industries and the exploiting of new resources, that foreign capital will find its most attractive opportunities during the coming decades—when the present teething-troubles of the young nationalist regimes have been overcome.

Of course the El Dorado outlook is not representative of the whole of Latin American life, and the optimism of the white and mestizo populations is not shared by the indigenous Indians of the Andes and the jungle. For them, Latin America is not a new continent: indeed, the part of it with which they are familiar is an immensely old land where their ancestors for countless generations worshipped their own gods and passed down the legends of antiquity. In the time of the *conquistadores* the Indians could not understand the Spaniards' lust for gold and jewels. In his *Candide*, Voltaire (who knew very little about the New World, but in this respect came near to the truth) described the contempt in which the inhabitants of El Dorado held gold and precious stones. *Candide* and his servant stop to watch some children playing ninepins. The skittles are 'large round objects of striking brilliance', and when the travellers pick some of them up they find to their astonishment that they are gold nuggets, emeralds, and rubies. Then the children stop playing and leave their skittles and other toys in the road. *Candide* hands them to the schoolmaster, indicating that his pupils have forgotten their precious possessions. 'The village schoolmaster smiles and throws them away, surveying *Candide* with great surprise before continuing his walk'. The travellers of course, pick the skittles up again and keep them. That fanciful tale does serve to illustrate the fundamental difference between the outlook of the indigenous tribes of Latin America and the rest of the population: a difference which today is at the root of many of the unresolved political and economic problems in countries such as Bolivia and Peru, and in Central America, where the proportion of Indian inhabitants is high.

In general, Latin American affairs become more understandable if we remember that this is the continent of El Dorado. The daily life of the people has been interwoven with threads of gold and silver. The *gauchos*, who had no home nor possessions except their riding equipment, decorated their harness with silver. The women of old Paraguay, living in huts made of mud and palm-leaves, wore golden ornaments. During the rubber boom the Brazilians built resplendent opera houses in the Amazon jungle. If Latin America in due time develops a distinctive civilisation of its own, this taste for luxury, together with unbounded faith in the future, will be among its characteristics.—*Third Programme*

Law in Action

The Question of Damages for Shock

By A. L. GOODHART

OUGHT a person who has been made seriously ill by a shock caused intentionally or negligently by another person be entitled to recover damages, even though he, or more usually she, has suffered no direct physical impact? This is a modern problem for two reasons. The first is that until medical science was able to prove conclusively, as it now can, that the emotional shock had caused the illness the courts refused to embark on what was regarded as pure speculation. We have all heard the story that the poet John Keats was killed by the bitter criticism of his poems published in the *Quarterly Review*, but no one is quite certain that this really caused his death. The second reason is that life on the whole was more placid in the past than it is today. Our ancestors were more likely to catch a fatal illness than we are, but they were not continually threatened with some accident. Even so dramatic a writer as Dickens hardly ever solved his problems by killing off an inconvenient character. Today, all that an author has to do is to send him out for a walk on the highway.

The problem of emotional shock has recently been considered by the Court of Appeal in the case of *King v. Phillips* which was decided early this year. In this case the plaintiff's young son was riding his tricycle in the street; a taxicab, driven by the defendant's servant, struck the boy's tricycle, when the driver backed the cab without looking. The boy was slightly hurt and the tricycle was damaged. It was perfectly clear that

the driver had been negligent in relation to the boy, but now we get to the interesting point in the case. At the time of the accident the mother, Mrs. King, was at an upstairs window, about seventy or eighty yards away. She heard a scream, looked out of the window and saw the taxicab backing slowly on to the tricycle, but she could not see the boy. As a result of the shock she became seriously ill. She claimed damages from the taxicab owner for this illness. The question was: Ought she to be entitled to recover them?

Before I tell you the answer which the Court of Appeal gave to this question, I must say something briefly about the law of negligence, and I must also refer to some of the previous cases on this subject. In this way I can give you the material which the Court of Appeal had to consider in deciding the case.

In English law, surprising as it may seem to the ordinary man, there is no general rule that you must not injure another person, either intentionally or negligently. There are quite a number of ways in which you can harm another person without making yourself legally liable, but it would not be in the public interest for me to list them here. Someone might be encouraged to make an experiment to see whether I was right or not. Before a person can be held liable for negligence it is necessary to prove two things. First, you must prove that he was under a duty of care to the person who has been injured. This duty of care covers

most of the circumstances of ordinary life, but it is not unlimited.

Let me give you one illustration of carelessness which is not covered by a duty of care. As a general rule there is no duty to be careful in what you say, unless you libel or slander another. Thus, in this talk I may carelessly state the law incorrectly. You may rely on what I have said about the law, and as a result get involved in an expensive legal action. I will, however, not be responsible for any loss you may suffer because I am under no duty of care to you. This may seem odd, but the law has taken this position because it holds that ordinary life would become too difficult if we were held responsible for every careless remark we made.

Reasonable Foresight

The second rule is that a man cannot be held liable for any harm he has caused unless a reasonable man in his position could have reasonably foreseen that his act might injure someone in the plaintiff's position. This does not mean, of course, that it is necessary to foresee the precise way in which the injury was caused. Thus, if I throw a book out of this window I can reasonably foresee that I may hit a passer-by, and I ought reasonably to guard against such an accident, although I may not know who the passer-by will be. On the other hand, in the famous cricket ball case *Bolton v. Stone*, decided in 1951, the House of Lords held that there was no negligence when a powerful batsman hit a ball an unusual distance, and injured a lady who was walking in a lane near the cricket ground. No one, it was held, could have reasonably foreseen that such an accident might happen.

It is therefore necessary, as I have said, to prove in every case of negligence two things: first, that the defendant was under a legal duty of care and, secondly, if he was under such a duty of care that he ought reasonably to have foreseen that his act might injure someone in the plaintiff's position. He must then take reasonable steps to guard against the consequences.

Unfortunately, it is easier to state these two principles than it is to apply them to the facts of a particular case, as is shown by the precedent cases which I shall now give you. The first reported case on nervous shock was *Victorian Railway Commissioners v. Coultas*, decided in 1888 by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. A level-crossing keeper had negligently opened the railway gates with the result that Miss Coultas missed death by inches when a train thundered by. The shock made her seriously ill, but the Judicial Committee held that she was not entitled to recover damages on the ground that a dangerous precedent would be created if nervous shock were recognised as a cause of action. A wide field, the Court said, would be opened for imaginary claims. This case was therefore decided primarily on the ground that there is no duty of care to avoid injuring a person by giving him a nervous shock, even though the result could be reasonably foreseen.

Their Lordships were being cautious because they were afraid of what might happen in future cases. If this case had remained the law, then emotional shock would never have been regarded as a sufficient ground for a cause of action.

Nine years later, in *Wilkinson v. Downton*, an English court which is not bound by the decisions of the Judicial Committee refused to follow the *Coultas* case. The defendant Downton, who seems to have suffered from a misplaced sense of humour, told the plaintiff as a joke that her husband had been gravely injured in an accident, although this was completely untrue. The shock made her seriously ill, as she was a devoted wife. Mr. Justice Wright, the trial judge, made the defendant pay for his fun. He held that there was a duty of care not to give an emotional shock in these circumstances, and that a reasonable man would have foreseen the consequences which followed.

In 1901, in *Dulieu v. White*, the Court had to consider whether the same rule applied when the shock was caused, not intentionally, as in the *Wilkinson* case, but was due to the defendant's negligence. In this case the defendant's pair-horse van, which had been negligently driven, broke into a public house. The plaintiff who was serving behind the bar received a severe shock when she saw the horses unexpectedly enter the door, and as a result she suffered a miscarriage. The Court held that she was entitled to recover damages as the defendant, when he let his horses run away, ought to have foreseen that they might frighten someone like the plaintiff who was endangered by them, even though she was not on the highway. In the course of his judgment Mr. Justice Kennedy made a remark, however, which has given rise to a strenuous legal dispute ever since. He said: 'The shock where it operates through the mind must be a shock which arises from a reasonable fear of immediate personal injury to oneself. A has, I conceive', he said, 'no

legal duty not to shock B's nerves by the exhibition of negligence towards C, or towards the property of B or C'. It is not clear on what grounds the learned judge limited the duty of care in this way. It seems to place the maximum premium on selfishness, as a man who receives a shock because he is afraid that he himself will be injured can recover damages, while the altruist who is afraid for others has no remedy.

Nearly a quarter of a century later, in 1925, this problem had to be considered by the Court of Appeal in *Hambrook v. Stokes Brothers*. Mrs. Hambrook had watched her two children turn a bend in the street. A few moments later, when they were out of her view, she saw the defendant's driverless lorry, which had been left at the top of the hill with insufficient brakes, tear round the corner and crash into a wall. Fear that her children had been injured gave her such a shock that she became ill and later died. The majority of the Court of Appeal held that the defendants were legally responsible for her death, even though her fear had been for her children and not for herself. Lord Justice Sargant dissented on the ground that the injury suffered by Mrs. Hambrook was not within ordinary or reasonable expectation. With all respect I should have thought that few things were more reasonably to be expected than that a mother would receive a shock in these circumstances. It was generally believed that this case had established the general principle that a person who had suffered nervous shock when seeing a close relation threatened with injury could recover damages. But it was not clear how far this principle could be extended.

In 1939 the Court of Appeal decided the remarkable case of *Owens v. Liverpool Corporation*. A tram belonging to the defendants ran into a funeral hearse and overturned the coffin. As a result, the mourners in the next carriage claimed to have received such serious emotional shocks that they became ill. The Court of Appeal held that they were entitled to recover damages. But this case is no longer good law, as it was subsequently overruled by the House of Lords on the ground that it was not reasonably foreseeable that an ordinary person would be made seriously ill by such an incident.

It was not until 1942, in *Bourhill v. Young*, that the House of Lords, the final Court of Appeal, was given an opportunity to consider the problem of emotional shock. Unfortunately from the lawyer's standpoint, the case was really decided on a simple question of fact. The plaintiff, an Edinburgh fishwife, was removing a basket of fish from the rear platform of a tram when she heard a motor cyclist passing on the other side, and then heard a loud crash caused by his collision with a motor-car, although she herself did not see the collision. Thereafter, she saw some blood on the roadway. She alleged that the noise and the sight of the blood had given her such a shock that she suffered a miscarriage some weeks later. Their Lordships had no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that she had no legal claim. As Lord Wright said: 'She merely heard a noise which upset her, without her having any definite idea at all. It is obvious that motorists would be placed in a most difficult position'. They could be held liable because a sudden backfire or other noise had frightened a nervous woman. When people go into the street these days they must expect to hear loud and terrifying sounds.

Three Judges Agree—on Different Grounds

This brings us back to *King v. Phillips*, with which I began this talk. Ought the mother, who from a distance of eighty yards saw the accident in which her little boy was injured, be entitled to recover damages for the serious illness caused by the shock? The trial judge, Mr. Justice McNair, held that she had no cause of action because, to quote his words: 'She was wholly outside the area or range of reasonable anticipation'.

The Court of Appeal unanimously affirmed his decision, but what makes the case so interesting, especially for the lawyer, is that, although the three Lords Justices all reached the same conclusion, they did so on different and conflicting grounds. Lord Justice Singleton, although holding that in some circumstances a mother could recover damages for a shock due to fear for her child's safety, held that in the present case, as the mother was eighty yards away at an upstairs window, the driver could not have had her in contemplation and therefore owed her no duty of care. It is interesting to compare this conclusion with *Dulieu v. White*, to which I have referred, in which it was held that a driver of runaway horses owed a duty of care to a woman although she was inside a public house and standing behind a bar.

Lord Justice Denning disagreed with Lord Justice Singleton's view
(continued on page 821)

'La Madonna del Parto'

By MICHAEL AYRTON

IMAGINE that most people experience, from time to time, absurd bouts of totally inexplicable, totally unreasonable joy—a sort of pointless but wonderful sense of well-being, a vigorous excitement without any specific cause. In me, this excitement is a specific sensation unlike any more rational feeling of pleasure. It is a sort of glorious delirium, in which I feel myself encompassed by a great bowl of silence, and yet this silence contains a strange, audible quality; a sort of thunderous quiet. The outer world seems to advance and recede, but within my protective cone I exist in an immense but utterly detached state of elation. I await an event. I await something unspecified.

The curious thing is that when I arrive at this remarkable state I am, more often than not travelling on a bus, and I have felt this wild splendour as intensely between Westminster Bridge and Camberwell Green as I have on the bus journey between Arezzo and Borgo San Sepolchro in Umbria, with which I am here concerned. Usually it has nothing to do with either previous or subsequent events—but on this occasion it had. I was on a ramshackle bus in Umbria. In a moment of fool-hardy enthusiasm, arising from the state of mind I have attempted to describe, I descended from this inevitable bus at a dissolute-looking village, the name of which I never discovered, and, directed by a signpost, I began to walk towards the hill town of Monterchi. The bus trundled away towards Arezzo. It was noon and it was hot.

I walked up the road, filled with remembrances of Piero, of the Arezzo frescos, and of the San Sepolchro 'Resurrection'; and the earth, a personal gift from the *quattrocento*, was at my own disposal. The road, of which I was only visually aware, since none of the tediums of walking in a blazing midday upon a shadeless path were apparent, continued circuitously in the direction of Monterchi. I permitted it to carry me there.

I should like to be able to pretend that I came upon the picture in the cemetery all unknowing. That would indeed be a romantic culmination to this story. But I knew it was at Monterchi or somewhere near, in a cemetery chapel. No one knows quite why it should be. No one knows why Piero, sometime in the fourteen-sixties, at the height of his powers and with his work in great demand, should have chosen the little town of Monterchi to honour with one of the greatest of his masterpieces. We know that his mother came from there and perhaps she was buried there, but no one knows why Piero should have chosen to paint, as her memorial, if this it was, a subject unique in Renaissance Italian painting, an image of the Madonna pregnant. Despite my deep admiration of Piero della Francesca, I was not prepared, at least not fully prepared, for this picture. The more celebrated panels and

frescos of the master, those at Borgo San Sepolchro, at Arezzo, at Urbino, and in London, I had seen and admired with all the reverence and passion of which I was capable, in the cool normality of everyday life. The little-known fresco of Monterchi was another matter. I was approaching it white-hot, in the state of spiritual intoxication—engendered on a bus.

Monterchi, like so many towns in central Italy, is like a crumbling honeycomb. It grows upon its little hill, tightly embraced by its

bastioned wall, hot, comfortably small, and modestly casual about its long and probably turbulent history. When I walked up to it at two or so in the afternoon, it was absolutely silent. A few motionless old men were carefully composed into their setting; a few angular children, black and spiky in silhouette against the dust-pale houses, moved sharply about the streets. A girl, burned to almost violet-bronze, wore dusty pink at exactly the right moment and was posed in exactly the right place. The church was shut with an uncompromising midday closeness. I walked on and out of the town, and down the hill. On the other side of the dip, a few hundred yards up the opposite rise, stood, or rather sagged, a drunken little cemetery of a size approaching a suburban back garden, and containing within its stucco walls a concourse of bizarre marble monuments, at once solemn, eccentric, and hideously gay.

The road leading to the cemetery was incandescent, of a dry bright whiteness and a silence curiously wrought. The noise of the absolute silence was like the sea. No bird sang, presumably because the inhabitants of Monterchi had lunched and dined off the available larks and thrushes for many years past. The sun,

beating off the road, made it ripple, and I felt myself suspended above the path, moving forward with my feet just touching the dust, which in some obscure way was edible. On the terraces of the surrounding hills, the gesticulating olives struggled anxiously to rid themselves of their silver mist, despite their complete immobility. Their shadows were darker than their foliage, a metallic explosion underlined. The gates of the cemetery, sensibly forged and sensibly black, were ajar; and I entered a carnival of idiotic marble.

The unintentional comedy of the ways and means employed to commemorate the deceased Italian has been going on since the Baroque lost its dignity—a matter of 200 years or so. You will find this rigid farce matched in France only by certain *tours de force* in the cemetery of Père Lachaise; and, with diligence, you may discover a very few provincial examples at Golders Green. But for an unrestrained and lyrical expression of the necropolis, as, for example, a middle-aged marble gentleman who, bowing, removes a marble bowler hat and



'La Madonna del Parto', by Piero della Francesca

adjusts opaque marble pince-nez, you cannot better Liguria. It was the influence of this stately mode of expression—albeit much modified—upon Umbria, which ennobled the conglomeration of gregarious statuary through which I made my way, in search of Piero della Francesca. The sense of paradox was hugely and yet remotely apparent to me, but even the robust idiocy of the tombs themselves failed to remove the sense of mortality. Despite the farce, this was a resting place for the dead, a place which brandished about it the twisting blades of the cypresses like deadly weapons. The comedy had an underlying terror.

At one end of the little patch of monuments stood an uninspired little building, designed to house the custodian and his family, and, next to it, a little chapel. I advanced towards this chapel and was presently met by a very small, very sunburnt little girl, who was entirely out of breath. I began to enquire as to the whereabouts of the fiasco, but before I had voiced a single inaccurate phrase in Italian, the little girl dashed madly at the doors of the building and, gasping for breath, began to unbolt, unbar, unlock, and unbarricade them with tremendous and needless energy. The sun, by this time at its most powerful, both sharpened and obscured her action, since I could only see her through the glare, with my eyes almost closed.

Presently she contrived to wrench open the doors, and, pushing them back, revealed what appeared to be the interior of a sturdily constructed bicycle shed. I could see very little of this dark interior in the sudden transition from the ferocity of the sun. But as I stood outside, several yards from the doorway and from the gasping child, I could make out an elderly bicycle and a table covered with a cloth upon which stood the skeletal remains of flowers in a remarkably distasteful vase. By wild prodding and stabbing with a bamboo pole, three times her own height, the little girl dislodged a grubby canvas curtain which hung behind the table and the bicycle. Then, unexpectedly, a silver face appeared, high on the wall, against a background the colour of weathered clay.

Suddenly the combination of improbability and my own delirium resolved into a moment of incredible and inexpressible magnificence. From the bicycle shed, above the decaying flowers, there emerged an image of a woman of such dignity, such gentleness, and such uncompromising divinity, that all sense of time, of place, and that critical

currency with which one views and judges a work of art, ceased to signify. The sun, cutting across the doorway, hung like a blazing veil and obscured all but her face; the rest, the walls, floor, and all the details of the place, were dust grey, dust pale, and soft as sleep. The silver head, immobile, ageless, proud, and tender, set with an absolute strength upon the silver neck, looked down. The heavy-lidded eyes were lowered and the grave tranquillity of those eyes, the quiet of the brows beneath the severe headdress, caused the halo to seem redundant. Indeed, time itself had so judged it, and had all but erased the metallic symbol. As I went towards the picture, I detected only a shadow of what once must have been a gilded circlet.

She stands, 'La Madonna del Parto', within a little tent, in a stillness greater than mere lack of motion, between the soft, deep-red folds of the tent's opening. Time has faded and dulled the material, so that the burden of the two angels who hold these tented folds apart is as intangible as a cloud. She stands, her child within her, heavy beneath her heart, with her hand parting the worn blue dress above the great curve of her pregnancy.

I existed in the chapel, within the great orb and bubble of stillness which enlarged my little complacent cone of well-being, beyond places and circumstances. I heard only the sharp, panting breath of the little girl behind me, and gradually this painful breathing was somehow transferred to the Madonna. The lady seemed to breathe, and to breathe more quickly than one should be allowed to see; I had no right to be present. I saw a pulse in her throat as I looked at her, standing in a womb of dust, against dust, waiting to give birth . . . in a cemetery.

I walked back through the door and out into the sun, and I saw three small dishevelled boys grouped among the gravestones. They were staring beyond me, through an open door. For a moment I feared to look, but when I turned and looked back, I saw only the little girl arranging the battered flowers and placing on the altar a large and ornate cross she seemed to have found. The silver face still gazed gently down. 'E bella—la donna', said one little boy, very quietly. 'Eccola', said the second. I walked in the glittering heat towards the black iron gate and towards the town. As I left: 'Bella', repeated the third little boy, in a whisper.—*Home Service*

The Task of the Dramatic Critic

By T. C. WORSLEY

'SO you're a dramatic critic?' people say to me when they learn of my profession; and I have often noticed that in their tone there is a curious mixture of attitudes. On the one hand there is envy: for nearly everyone who goes to the theatre thinks himself capable of being a dramatic critic. But mixed up with that there is often a sort of aggressive dislike: for every Englishman is a rebellious protestant at heart and the rebellious protestant in us all resents anyone who sets himself up as professionally right. Of course, the notion that a critic is a pontifical person who arbitrarily decides between good and bad is quite false. The critic does think he can tell good from bad, but then so do you. And we do not finally estimate a critic by how often he turns out to have been right or wrong.

There is an element of the tipster in every critic, but giving tips is the least important part of his job. Indeed one of the most remarkable things about the dramatic critics, anyhow, is the variety of their judgments on any and every occasion. If you were to collect all the notices of all the dramatic critics after a first night, you might be surprised, I think, to find how completely at variance they are with each other on points of detail, even when there is, as there sometimes is, unanimity about the general effect. Obviously some of them must be right and some must be wrong: and obviously each is convinced that he himself is right and the others wrong. But what reveals the critic's ability is the reasons that he gives or implies for his judgments and the conviction with which he states them: especially, I think, the conviction. Conviction I should put as the first necessity for a critic, and it is also what his readers look for. The other day I came across the ideal reader of dramatic criticism. He was a young, intelligent, and capable actor and he said: 'I always read what you write and as

I read it it seems to me to be right on the nail. Yes, I say to myself as I read it, that's probably dead right. And then I go to the show you've been criticising and find you're absolutely dead wrong. But I still read you'.

When you come to think of it there is nothing surprising in this variety of judgment that dramatic critics exhibit. It is easy to recognise the really bad and we all hope we know the highest when we see it; but within the two extremes there is room for an infinite variety of opinions, and there are as many different view points as there are dramatic critics and each of them temperamentally is equipped to appreciate different facets. On the other hand, mere appreciation—the cool appreciation of a tea-taster—is perhaps a little insipid. The critic we admire, surely, is the one who writes out of strong conviction. We can forgive him being thoroughly wrong-headed and we soon learn to disregard his particular hobby-horses—every critic has his stables full of hobby-horses—but we do want him to be passionate. I think this is probably more true of dramatic critics than of any others. And the reason lies in the intensity of the experience which the theatre gives us. A book may completely absorb one, yes, but the absorption is a comparatively slow and solitary process extending over days or perhaps weeks. But a stage performance comes at you all in a lump and twice as large as life; its impact is tremendously magnified and so, very often, is your response. It is an exaggerated response. You have been entranced, delighted, transported, or harrowed, and when you read your favourite dramatic critic you want him to catch something of your exaggerated enthusiasm—or, as sometimes happens, your exaggerated disappointment. For the dramatic critic exists, among other things, to make articulate the audiences' feelings.

The dramatic critic—or shall I say this particular kind of dramatic

critic?—is, so to speak, the representative of the ideal audience making vocal their response to what is offered them (of the ideal audience, I repeat; not the average, coffee-drinking, sweet-sucking mooners.) And the response of an English audience is comparatively untechnical. A French audience is ready to appreciate and enjoy technical excellences both in the writing and the acting for their own sakes. That seems to be in their bones. And perhaps a critic with a passionate interest in these aspects of the theatre might educate English audiences into appreciating them, too. The late James Agate did a certain amount in this direction. But with the English it is up-hill work.

Complaints by the Profession

The average audience is concerned only with the end-result, and today most dramatic critics follow them in this. And that is where they run up against the members of the theatrical profession. The critic is writing primarily for the potential audience but, only naturally, 'the profession' is his most avid and critical reader. And the professionals often complain that the dramatic critics are not sufficiently technical in their notices; what they forget is that the readers for whom the critic primarily writes are not interested in technique. Still, the complaint is very understandable. Just imagine the preparations that go into any stage presentation, the hard work, the skill, the application. Anything from twenty to 100 men and women devote themselves for weeks on end to embodying forth the playwright's conception on the stage. It is the most tiring and trying work. They have put into it all they have of imagination and technique. And then along comes the critic and—in these days of paper shortages—takes a few hundred words to write off their labours, scattering to the cast an epithet or two each at the tail end. No wonder actors imagine that he thinks himself a sort of self-important god.

But he does not, really; and I am not at all convinced that if he knew very much more about what went into a production, if he saw it and wrote about it much more from the inside, he would make a better critic. He would make many more allowances. He might be more popular with the profession. But he would be less trusted as a guide by the bulk of his readers.

The disparity between the high intentions of a devoted cast and the end-result is often considerable. And the devoted cast are the last people who can see it. They know the difficulties they have overcome: the thinness of the script they have had to work on, the shortness of time, awkwardnesses in the casting, and so on and so on. Considering everything, they have done wonders, they feel. And no doubt they have. But still the critic may have to complain that the result is not good enough. And it is the result with which he has to concern himself. So inside knowledge, then, may be more of a hindrance than a help. One of the most informed and intelligent of present-day critics, Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace, has expressed the point with his usual wit: 'You don't have to be an egg', he says, 'to make an omelette; nor a cook to know a good omelette from a bad one; above all, not a personal friend of the cook and in difficulties in testing his omelette because you know his wife is deceiving him and that the kitchen caught fire earlier in the day. A gourmet needs some experience of cooking in different parts of the world and a reasonably clean palate; but the palate is the important thing'.

This is the neatest answer to those who sneer at critics because they have never acted or written a play themselves. On the other hand, one does not want all critics to be mere palate men; and the body of dramatic criticism would be much enriched by one who thoroughly understood the technique of acting, production, and writing for the stage from the inside. But even there, one proviso: if that was all he knew, his contribution would be more suitable for specifically stage journals than for the daily or the weekly papers.

A different kind of dramatic critic altogether is one who is champion of a cause. The obvious danger with this sort of critic is that he will become a bore. He believes passionately in, say, arena theatres or Elizabethan stages and introduces his theme on every possible and impossible occasion. If you are going to be a dramatic critic with a cause to champion, you had better be a genius; otherwise you will be intolerable. When such a critic who is also a genius does arrive on the scene, then the theatre is in luck. I am thinking, of course, particularly of Bernard Shaw who preceded his playwrighting by twelve years' dramatic criticism. G.B.S., as he called himself as a critic, entered the theatre with a high mission. He took the theatre very seriously indeed: in his own words 'as a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man'. What a tremendously serious

claim, and it is easy to imagine how portentously solemn it might become in lesser hands than Bernard Shaw's. But Shaw was a comic genius and, anyhow, he believed in laughter 'because by laughter only can you destroy evil without malice, and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness'. But the successors of Shaw—people who take the theatre immensely seriously, too, whether as an agent of social reform or as in some way the most important of all the arts—if they lack his humour, are in danger of stifling by solemnity the thing they love.

It goes without saying that a dramatic critic takes the theatre seriously. If he did not, his job would be insupportable; but there is yet another reason why he is likely to be the better critic for standing a little aloof from the theatre, a little outside it. The theatre, as everyone knows who has had anything to do with it, is the most alluring of sirens and its songs are amongst the hardest to resist. Yet by its nature it has a tendency to gravitate towards unreality. Those who are inside the theatre are in perpetual danger of seeing life more and more in theatrical terms until eventually what they see, what they live in and on and by, is not life as the rest of the world knows it, but just the fond theatrical illusion. A critic who is too much on the inside is in danger himself of being drawn within the illusion and if that were to happen his usefulness to the theatre would be seriously impaired. As long as he is on the outside he can use whatever weight he has to check this tendency, to encourage the theatre to resist its gravitational pull towards the conventional and the stock.

It is for this very reason that among recent great practitioners of dramatic criticism I would place first Sir Desmond MacCarthy. All I am doing there, incidentally, is stating a personal preference which is all, in the last analysis, that the critic ever does. Some might prefer G.B.S., others put forward the claims of C. E. Montague, William Archer, or James Agate. My preference for Desmond MacCarthy is based just exactly on the degree at which he stood outside the theatre and the kind of gifts he brought into it from the outside. No one loved the theatre more than he did, and no one understood it better. But he entirely resisted its seductions. For he was also a man of the world in the best sense. If the theatre lives by its own men of the theatre, it should want to submit itself to the criticism of the men of the world. The most generous critic imaginable, Desmond MacCarthy in the theatre always brought to it the test of life. Even a small, unimportant, perhaps rather bad little play, would be forgiven by him if somewhere in it there was just one piece of real observation, of fresh characterisation or of psychological intuition—something which redeemed it from the banality which afflicts so many of the plays which a dramatic critic sees in the course of a working year. Perhaps it is true that Desmond MacCarthy was lucky to be writing at a time when two important dramatists were first coming before the English public. Shaw was just starting as a playwright and English audiences were just making a tentative beginning with Chekhov. And of these two dramatists Desmond MacCarthy showed a particularly subtle and a perceptive understanding.

But that does bring us to another point. Like everyone else connected with the theatre, the dramatic critic depends on the material offered him. He cannot make bricks without straw. He wants something to work on—if not new original playwrights, at least original minds working in the different branches of theatre craft. Not that, in my opinion, the dramatic critic of today has much to complain of in that respect. Our classical theatre has probably never been in such good heart as it is today. Shakespeare has never been so much produced or so well attended. We are blessed with a particularly fine crop of classical actors and actresses. And the theatre-going public has never been so ready to accept the unusual, both in the kind of play it enjoys and in new methods of staging.

Two Changes in the Modern Theatre

Unless I am much mistaken, historians of the theatre will find our theatre today memorable for two changes. First, the decline of four-wall realism as the prevailing play form—and by decline I do not mean disappearance. And, secondly, for establishing the importance of the producer. These are both the sort of changes which in the past it has taken the passion of a reforming critic to bring about. In our case they have arrived without it. It took two critics (critics of the critics, please note) to persuade the English public to accept Ibsen. But today the public flocks to the plays of Mr. Eliot, Mr. Fry, Mr. Graham Greene, without waiting for the critics to persuade them or interpret for them. What is required of the critic in this respect is that he should not lag behind the rest of the theatre-going public, that he should lead and not merely follow.

The arrival of the producer has created a different kind of problem, and it is really on account of him and his influence that I have been stressing the importance of the critic being outside the theatre world. To many old-fashioned people the producer is anathema, with his emphasis on stage effects, costume, lighting, crowds, spectacle, and display. And there is no doubt that he can be a danger. An exhibitionist producer, for instance, can be so busy drawing attention to his individual style that he smothers the text with excrescences of his own invention. We have suffered from this a certain amount in the past few years. And most of these 'producers' tricks' are in practice theatrically effective. In the theatre's favourite current words they are exciting, or amusing, or fun; and the danger is that the appetite will be increased by the easy laughs on which it feeds. Still, these are only the excesses of 'producers' theatre'. And the benefits far outweigh them. The producer has tamed—or at least is taming—the star, and under his regime the theatre has become more alive than it has been for many years. The critic's task is in holding the balance, in denouncing the producer's excesses certainly, but also in explaining his virtues and his uses.

Does it seem a rather modest role to which I am assigning the critic? I hope so, for his importance is easily exaggerated, if for no other reason than because more directly than any other critic, I fancy, the dramatic critic affects the box office. It is a myth that the critics can make or unmake a play. But they do a great deal towards creating the climate of opinion within which a new play or production fails or succeeds. At any time, of course, a powerful crusading critic may be able to influence very considerably the theatre's direction. But our times seem particularly to favour the kind of critic I have been mostly talking about, and his is a comparatively modest function. But it remains an important one. In calling his function modest I do not want to suggest that he ought to be tepid. Conviction, you may remember, was the first quality which I demanded from a critic. If his function is to create the climate of opinion in which productions are judged, let him, to change the metaphor, start the ball rolling with vigour. Let his response be as exaggerated as the theatre's appeal, his enthusiasm be eloquent, his attacks when necessary sharp. Let him make it abundantly clear, above everything else, that he really cares.—*Home Service*

A Great English Scholar and Bishop

SIR MAURICE POWICKE on Robert Grosseteste, who died in 1253

ROBERT GROSSETESTE was a Suffolk man of humble birth. He was born, in all probability, about 1168, not long before the murder of Archbishop Thomas Becket at Canterbury. One chronicler says that he was born at Stradbroke; other evidence suggests that he passed his boyhood at Stow, fourteen miles east by south of Bury St. Edmunds, on the road to Ipswich. The abbey at Bury was wealthy and powerful, and Robert may well have owed his early education and advancement to its patronage, but this is mere surmise. He was on friendly terms with the abbot and monks in later life, for he borrowed a rare and valuable book from them, a Latin translation of a work by St. Basil which he needed in his own studies.

In those days what we call higher education was given in schools connected with cathedrals, such as those at Lincoln, Exeter, and Hereford, but scholars, for reasons still obscure, had also congregated at Oxford, not a cathedral city then; Robert may have studied either at Lincoln or Oxford. He was certainly a master in arts, that is to say, had been given the licence to teach, by the year 1189, when King Henry II died, and for a time was clerk attached to the household of the famous bishop, Hugh of Lincoln, the future saint, whose memory is kept alive, if by nothing else, by the loveliest part of the cathedral church. After St. Hugh's death Robert seems to have passed into the service of William de Vere, bishop of Hereford.

His movements after this new patron's death in 1199 are obscure until his appearance as Chancellor of the newly constituted University at Oxford at the end of King John's reign, but he must have spent some time in France and made friends with scholars at Paris during the interval. Father Daniel Callus, who speaks with special authority, thinks that he taught and wrote in Oxford as a master of arts, then—during the exodus of prelates and scholars in the time of the great interdict—studied theology in Paris, where the schools of Notre Dame had for a long time been frequented by English scholars, and then returned to Oxford as a master in theology. He was associated with the scholars at Oxford for another twenty years. In 1235, when he must have been between sixty-six and seventy years old, he was elected Bishop of Lincoln. He died in 1253, after eighteen years of as strenuous episcopal activity as would have been remarkable in a man of half his age.

A eulogy of Grosseteste as a young scholar survives in a letter to the Bishop of Hereford from that vivacious and inquisitive person, Gerald of Wales, who describes him as a versatile prodigy, who had made himself proficient in the liberal arts with a useful knowledge of law and medicine. A testimonial from Gerald should not be taken too literally; his letter suggests that Robert was an eager young man with wide interests, one of the many who in his time, so rich in intellectual excitement, took all knowledge as their province. He was soon to show that he was neither a flashy know-all nor a laborious encyclopedist—both were common types—but a man of a powerful and comprehensive mind, with a strong sense of vocation. Grosseteste became so out-

standing, not because he was in advance of his time but because he was the most vigorous and disinterested exponent of it as he saw it. He was all of a piece, whether he was teaching or preaching or engaged in the affairs of Church and State. The University of Oxford testified after his death that no one had ever seen him, for fear of any man, defer a good deed pertaining to his office or his care.

Grosseteste passed all his later life in Oxford and his diocese, apart from visits to the papal court, then at Lyons, in 1245 and 1250. Oxford was a busy little town: most of the townsmen lived within the walls behind and above their shops along the two broad streets which cross at Carfax, and in narrow streets around the numerous parish churches. Many tenements became the property of the canons of Osney and St. Frideswide, the one to the west of the royal castle, the other where Christ Church now is. There were no colleges in Grosseteste's time, no university buildings, no officers except the chancellor and proctors and presumably their *bedelli*, no registrar, no financial department. The masters came together for business and sermons in St. Mary's Church—not, of course, the present church—and taught in hired rooms. The students lived in lodgings, or in houses rented by masters. Even in these early days, though their numbers have been greatly exaggerated, their presence in the town was a source of anxiety as well as of profit; it involved a disciplinary system and protection for them as clerks subject to the chancellor as master of the schools, who was responsible to the Bishop of Lincoln, his diocesan. During the twenty years 1215-35, before Grosseteste became bishop himself, the development of an independent university, only nominally subject to the bishop, was only beginning, and it was fortunate that the new bishop was so familiar with its problems and so solicitous for its well being.

The diocese of Lincoln stretched across the Midlands from the Humber to the Thames. Grosseteste moved from its southern to its northern extremity, from Oxford to Lincoln. It comprised the counties of Lincoln, Huntingdon, Leicester, Northampton, Bedford, Buckingham, and Oxford, each with its archdeacon. Northampton and Oxford were separated in Henry VIII's time, but the rest remained until 1837 as a single diocese. History and geography had brought together the valleys of the Welland, the Nen, the Ouse and the Thame, and given them ecclesiastical unity. Grosseteste himself wrote that the diocese of Lincoln was the largest and most difficult diocese in England. He wrote this when he sought the help of reliable friars, trained in the Dominican and Franciscan schools on the continent as well as in Oxford.

Grosseteste, as I have said, was all of a piece. The energy with which, from the first, he threw himself into his diocesan work and stressed the independent significance of the episcopal office shows that he had formed his strong opinions about the social order of Church and State long before he became a bishop, and as bishop he never ceased his activity as a scholar.

In a letter to the abbot of Peterborough, for example, he says that

recently, during a short period of leisure, he had chanced to read a little work in Greek about the monastic life, and, as it was written in a language unfamiliar to them, he would send the gist of it for the inspection of the abbot and his monks, and this he proceeded to do. Much of his translation from the Fathers and also his translation and notes upon the *Ethics* of Aristotle and its Greek commentators were done when he was bishop in brief intervals of relief from the stress of business or as he moved about the diocese with his clerks and learned Greeks from manor to manor—Stow, near Lincoln, Buckden in Huntingdonshire on the north road, Fingest in the seclusion of the Chilterns, and other places.

A Shrewd, Practical Man

He was, in fact, a thoroughly practical man, keenly observant of nature (as a good countryman is), moderate and sensible in his attitude to the life of every day, a shrewd counsellor and comforter of his fellow men, yet also a man of uncompromising conviction, rooted in his awareness of a divine purpose in the universe, a universe which he tirelessly and passionately tried to comprehend. As a scientific thinker he sought to get 'as close to the truth about nature as was humanly possible', as a theologian he saw in nature an expression of an ordered universe, a world of spiritual light. Fifty years after his death the rhyming moralist and chronicler, Robert Manning of Bourne in Lincolnshire, knew of Grosseteste by hearsay as a lover of music:

Next his chamber, beside his study,
His harper's chamber was fast the by.
Many times, by night and days
He had solace of notes and lays.

He said, so Manning had heard, that the harp's virtue will destroy the fiend's might. He likened it to the Cross—but he was a student of the seven arts, and his spiritual appreciation of music was, we may be sure, enhanced by his realisation that the science of harmony was subordinate to the science of mathematics.

What was it that turned the young scholar who attracted Gerald of Wells into the resolute and self-disciplined prelate who fearlessly faced popes and prelates, king and courtiers? One reason, I think, was the influence of men whom he met in Paris and Oxford, especially the Dominicans and Franciscans who settled in Oxford between 1220 and 1230, for these disinterested men could give direction to his sense of purpose and make him familiar with societies which were not yet fettered by prejudice and custom. But his sense of purpose was already there, ready for action, and he owed more than he owed to new acquaintances to the congenial mingling, in a powerful mind, of theological and scientific studies.

In happy coincidence with his seventh centenary this year, Dr. A. C. Crombie's book on *Robert Grosseteste and the Origins of Experimental Science, 1100 to 1700*,* has lately appeared. The scope of this learned and suggestive treatise is very significant; Dr. Crombie does not merely single out Grosseteste as a person with scientific interests; he makes him the central figure in his survey of a long process, of 600 years, during which the interplay between dialectic and observation and the testing of hypotheses produced the methods of scientific discovery. Making no extravagant claims for Grosseteste, he just shows us what was happening in the schools and suggests the significance of the lead taken by scholars in England in natural science in the thirteenth century. I am quite incompetent to appraise Dr. Crombie's book, and in any case am more concerned in this talk with Grosseteste as a man; but it seems to me clear that Grosseteste brought a fresh and vigorous mind to the study of Aristotle and to the new Arabian learning which had gradually captured the attention of western scholars and had stirred excitement in their minds.

As he pored over Aristotle's logic he was fascinated by the problems of induction and the search for the causes of observed effects. He suggested, with special emphasis on the problems of light, ideas which attracted the attention later of Roger Bacon, Albert the Great, and other scholars. He influenced a movement of thought whose consequences in our own time have been more momentous in theory and practice than anything in the history of human society. Grosseteste, of course, was quite unconscious that he was doing anything very remarkable; indeed, until the recent interest in the history of science, this particular aspect of his immense output does not seem to have been appreciated. That Copernicus or Newton had medieval predecessors, or that arid controversies in the medieval schools could conceal noteworthy and living reflection of the finest intellectual quality was an unthinkable absurdity. Even while scholars like Pierre Duhem were at work upon

the forerunners of Leonardo and Galileo, only the late A. N. Whitehead and a few more saw the truth. In the words of an American scholar, 'the spirit and enterprise of faith engaged in understanding itself', carried the mind on, from the consideration of truth as a reflection of divine things to the consideration of the truth of things and thence to the exploration of the subjects so revealed.

Grosseteste was remarkable because he did not pass out of one stage of thought to another, but remained in all at once. Indeed, the evidence suggests that in his experience of these stages he embraced them in the contrary order. He lived late enough to be attracted from the first by the relations between the sciences, and by methods of inquiry; he grew gradually into his intense awareness of all truth as a reflection of divine things. I wish to emphasise the words 'experience' and 'awareness', for he himself laid stress 'on the healthy sight of a mind not obscured by phantasmata'. In a passage of his commentary on Aristotle's *Posterior Analytics*, quoted by Dr. Crombie, he argued that, while the Greek astronomer Ptolemy rightly said that in mathematics knowledge is more certain than in metaphysics (Ptolemy referred to the incomprehensibility of theology), for the infirm bodily eye is weighed down by the weight of a corrupt body, and with the appearance of corporeal things; yet, for the intellect as it should be in its most perfect state, divine things are the most certain. In the course of his mental and spiritual experience, Grosseteste came to realise more and more that the prior and more sublime things are the most certain things.

The practical outcome was almost terrifying and must often have bewildered his contemporaries. His approach to the problems of Church and State evaded the usual commonplaces, for he transcended them in his passionate seriousness. He saw, rather than reflected about, the grades of an ordered universe. He was captivated by the system unfolded in his *Hierarchies* by the Pseudo-Dionysius—the unknown early writer who was sometimes confused with the patron saint of France. His translations and commentaries on this famous work were one of the main reasons of his later fame, as the great *Lincolniensis*. He thought and wrote of the episcopal office as a mediating function in a great organism and felt that to glorify it would be to betray its high responsibilities. His theological convictions were derived from the impact of the Scriptures and the Fathers, especially St. Augustine, upon a well-balanced and penetrating mind, free from fanaticism or self-centred austerities.

The social order, in his view, had its place as part of the divine order, and was to be respected as long as it kept its place and did not presume upon it. He said to a Dominican friar that food, sleep, and good humour were the three things necessary to temporal health; and upon another friar, troubled by melancholy, he enjoined as a penance a cup full of the best wine: 'Dearest brother, if you frequently had such a penance, you would have a much better regulated conscience'. 'At table', Matthew Paris testified of him, 'he was hospitable, eloquent, courteous, pleasant, and affable'. King Henry III consulted him, the Queen made a friend of him, the great Simon de Montfort, the King's brother-in-law, was glad to learn from him; yet never for a moment did Grosseteste relax his watchful determination to maintain, in every detail, the standards of conduct and order required in the pursuit of the art of arts, the cure of souls. And he did this not from the usual insistence on custom and privilege or upon the niceties of canon law—to them he gave a second place—but as a theologian who had his own ideals of biblical study and had applied his scientific mind to meditate upon the properties and beauty of light as a symbol of the pervasive and saving power of the divine, the spiritual light, imparted from grade to grade in the spiritual world, and, most clearly, from Christ to the pope and from the pope to the bishops.

Greatest Moments—in Old Age

Hence, he was never able to confuse obedience with acquiescence, for obedience is a willing and intelligent service, to be devoted solely to the salvation of souls, and to be tested at every stage, from pope and cardinals to rural deans and parish priests, by the measure of its faithfulness to its single end, the guidance of the sheep by a great family of selfless and companionable shepherds. He applied this test at all times to every problem, to the relations between secular and ecclesiastical law, to his episcopal relations with his dean and chapter, to the claims of Canterbury, to the abuses which distressed him so bitterly in the papal court. He never faltered. His greatest moments came in his extreme old age, when, in 1250, with his official by his side, he faced Pope Innocent IV and the cardinals at Lyons, and, in speeches and

(continued on page 816)

NEWS DIARY

November 4-10

Wednesday, November 4

H.M. the Queen sends message to both Houses of Parliament recommending that the Duke of Edinburgh shall be Regent if a Regency becomes necessary

Serious rioting by Italians takes place in zone A of Trieste

Communists in Korea reject proposal by United Nations that political conference shall be called early next month

Thursday, November 5

White Paper is published giving Government's proposals for guaranteed farm prices. All food rationing to end by next summer

Mr. Eden states in Commons that the Soviet reply to the Western Powers' proposal for a meeting of Foreign Ministers is unacceptable

Friday, November 6

Anti-British demonstrations take place in Rome and further riots occur in Trieste

Chancellor of Exchequer in speech during debate on the Queen's Speech warns against hope of large reductions in taxation

Russian leaders celebrate anniversary of October Revolution. Marshal Voroshilov calls for all-round strengthening of Soviet armed forces

Saturday, November 7

During anti-British demonstrations in Rome crowds try to force their way through police to British Embassy. Mr. Eden tells Italian Ambassador of serious view taken by the Government of the anti-allied demonstrations

Three elected members of Northern Rhodesian Executive Council resign as protest against constitutional changes

Sunday, November 8

Remembrance Sunday is observed throughout the Commonwealth. The Queen lays a wreath of poppies at the foot of the Cenotaph

Trial of the former Persian Prime Minister, Dr. Moussadeq, begins near Teheran

Vice-President of the United States visits General Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa

Monday, November 9

Mr. Eden makes statement in Commons on Trieste

Death of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia

Prime Minister speaks at Lord Mayor's banquet in Guildhall

Commons debate farming policy

Tuesday, November 10

President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill, and M. Laniel, the French Prime Minister, with their Foreign Ministers, to meet in Bermuda next month

Israel criticised by representatives of Western Powers in U.N. Security Council for her attitude to recent outrages on frontier with Jordan

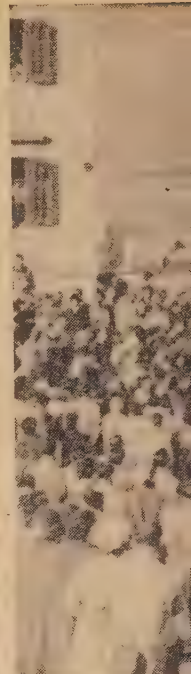
White Paper published giving Government proposals for new corporation to manage atomic energy projects



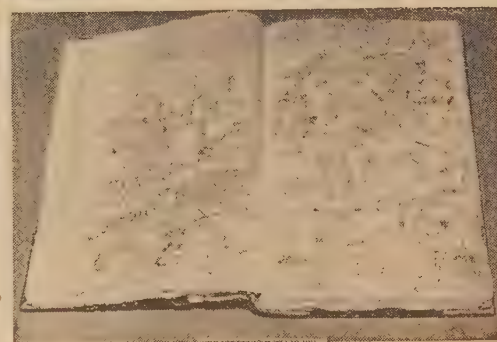
Demonstrators attacking policemen with stones during anti-British riots in Rome last week-end over the Trieste dispute. Fifty police were injured while trying to prevent hostile mobs from marching on the British Embassy. The British Council headquarters and the offices of British European Airways were also attacked



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh giving his inaugural address after being invested as Chancellor of Edinburgh University on November 4 by Sir Edward Appleton, Principal and Vice-Chancellor. During the ceremony, which was held in the McEwan Hall, the Duke conferred twelve honorary degrees



Crowds lining a street during anti-British demonstrations in Rome last week-end over the Trieste dispute. The Italian Prime Minister was also attacked





As the funeral took place on November 8 of six people killed last week. In a broadcast on November 9, 'Signor Pella, the led an enquiry into the deaths of the demonstrators, a request the British and American authorities there



King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, who died on November 9, aged 73. Absolute monarch of a realm of over 900,000 square miles which he held by right of conquest, he was a good administrator and built up a system of internal security such as Arabia had not known for centuries. He maintained a constant alliance with the United Kingdom. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Emir Saud



Dr. Moussadeq, former Prime Minister of Persia, entering the court (in dressing gown and pyjamas) for the opening of his trial at Sultanabad on November 8. He is charged with attempting to overthrow the constitutional monarchy and inciting the people to armed insurrection



the Duke of and the Duke after standing Cenotaph Remembrance on Sunday



Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet, who died on November 9, aged 39. Since his first publication, 'Eighteen Poems', at the age of 20, he has been widely acclaimed as one of the greatest poets of our day. He also wrote short stories and gave frequent broadcasts. This photograph was taken in a B.B.C. studio



Chairs which are to be included in an auction of surplus equipment at the Battersea Festival Gardens, on view last week. The gardens and funfair which were due to be discontinued after the 1953 season, are to be taken over by the L.C.C.

ings of 'in- belonging to a om 'Elysium', a treatise by John h is included ition of the es and collec- Victoria and Museum



The Quorn Hunt, celebrating its 200th anniversary, held its opening meet of the season near Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, on November 7: the field at Great Dalby



'Joker', a four-year-old skewbald, who is to succeed 'Pompey', the famous drum-horse of the Royal Horse Guards who died last July aged 20. He is seen on arrival at the regiment's barracks last week

(continued from page 813)

memoranda, denounced the sins which endangered the flock of Christ; and again, three years later, shortly before his death, when he repudiated the validity of a particular papal mandate: 'Out of the obedience and fealty by which I am bound, as a child to his parents, to the most Holy Apostolic See, and the love I have to its union with the Body of Christ, filially and obediently I do not obey, I reject, I rebel against the contents of this letter'. That the spiritual light reflected through the pope to the Church should fail through the defects of its most powerful agency was the most dreadful thing. It would be as though the visible sun should fail and the whole sensible world perish.

The life of the Church has been more stubborn. Our civilisation is like a strong piece of tapestry, interwoven by all sorts of threads, displaying all varieties of colour in a fabric of incessant compromise, of many loyalties, a fabric of dirt and dust, glowing here and there as with hidden lights, frayed and drab elsewhere. John Donne, a very different devotee of light, was well aware of this—and not uncheerfully, I think—when he wrote, in his Litany, about the doctors of the Church:

Their zeale may be our sinne: Lord, let us runne
Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the sunne.

Grosseteste would have liked this simile, though he might not have approved of its author.—*Third Programme*

The Fourth Gospel: Dr. Dodd's Challenge

By J. E. DAVEY

HERE at last is a book which breaks with the conservative tradition of British works on the Fourth Gospel.* Little has so far been done in English to disturb in the theological layman the traditional idea that John the son of Zebedee wrote our final Gospel as both an intimate and a spiritual account of the life and work of Jesus. Scholars, who have been *au fait* with the work of continental critics and could have provided our layman with a different view, have, for one reason or another, omitted to do so, with a few exceptions such as E. F. Scott and some Americans; but now this massive production of Dr. Dodd's, clear in thought and treatment, has, as it were, begun here a new era in Johannine criticism.

In this book the study of the Gospel proper is prefaced by six chapters, somewhat tough in texture for ordinary readers, which seek to establish definitely the background of the book. These chapters, essential to the argument of the book as a whole, relate the Gospel to Hermetic, Rabbinic, Philonic and Gnostic thought-currents of its age, and so date it in the period at or after the close of the first century A.D. I can only hope that the erudite and specialised character of these introductory studies will not discourage too many serious students from carrying through their reading of the book; for they demonstrate, I think very clearly, that the Gospel as we have it cannot any longer be treated as coming from a Galilean fisherman or other early disciple. Here, then, is a challenge from one of the leading and most universally read of the English biblical scholars of today, which cannot be ignored, on the question of the theological meaning and historical value of the Gospel of John.

The book is sound in method and stimulating in quality, even though I do not think it final on all points; for example, I think it goes too far in the surrender of historicity. But the interpretation of the Gospel here offered is a close web of fact and argument. Following upon the chronological fixation of the book in the opening chapters, the rest of the book contains two main pieces of work; first a study of the great terms or ideas of the Gospel; and, secondly, a running commentary on the Gospel as a whole and in order, divided into four sections—Proem, Book of Signs, Farewell Discourses, and Passion Narrative—a commentary which seeks to demonstrate the organic development of these great ideas in both incident and discourse. Finally, there is an appendix of considerable interest upon the historical aspect of the Gospel, regrettably short, but tending to suggest that the writer purposes some day to enlarge this small fragment into a new book—soon, I hope. One interesting point is the strong case made out by Dr. Dodd for taking 'the Lamb of God' in the Gospel as the Ram, the Old Testament symbol of strength, not of suffering, and so a fully Messianic title.

I should like now to consider the book from two main angles, theology and history; and of these the second is that with which I propose to deal the more fully. First, then, let us look at the theology. Our author represents the Fourth Gospel as a fictional *tour de force*, in which the Incarnate Logos is represented as expressing Himself in teaching and action, in signs and revelation, the whole organically knit production being an enunciation of the Christian Kerygma in its later Hellenistic form. In 1902 Jean Réville did much the same thing in his challenging and radical book, *Le Quatrième Evangile*, though he was content to abide by the Philonic Logos, transplanted to Christian soil, without mixing in also Hermetic, Rabbinic and Gnostic strands, as Dr. Dodd

has done. Yet Dr. Dodd himself admits that 'the Johannine doctrine may fairly be said to be implicit in the Philonic'.

Dr. Dodd stresses the absolute dependence of Christ on the Father in a way that is essential and true to the Gospel, and affirms, I think rightly, that 'such dependence is of the essence of Sonship'; yet, by his denial in the main of a mystical element in the Johannine picture of Christ, this dependence remains for him largely an external matter of doctrine, where I, on the contrary, believe it to be a historical *datum*, a fact of Christ's Godward experience, corroborated in the first three Gospels and standing for Christ's direct guidance and immediate experience, as the Father led Him in crisis, or disclosed to Him divine truth or purpose in a real communication of wills as He 'walked in the light and did not stumble'. And it is relevant and interesting here to note that, in one of the most radical interpretations of Christ's life ever made, that of Gerhardt Hauptmann in his striking novel, *The Fool in Christ* (where Jesus is fictionally located in nineteenth-century Germany), the teaching of this modern Christ is largely drawn, not from the first three Gospels, but from the discourses of the Fourth Gospel, interpreted mystically; i.e., Hauptmann apparently felt that much in John, if mystically taken, was fully suited to a humanistic reconstruction of the historical ministry of Jesus, and not simply later fiction.

Our writer works with the great terms of John as formative theological ideas which have, as it were, created the Gospel for their organic expression; and particularly the dominant conceptions of judgment, death, and life, treated almost liturgically and always dramatically, whether in incident or in conversation or monologue; and, as one might expect of Dr. Dodd, he finds the Christian Kerygma effectively presented throughout in its third generation form. I have myself never been satisfied that the so-called Christian Kerygma, or Gospel about Jesus, is actually what Jesus in the main either taught or meant; at its best, and even from the days of the primitive Jerusalem fellowship, the so-called Kerygma was a partial truth, a human adjustment to seeming successive frustrations. Yet amazingly the Fourth Gospel was able to get back to the earlier idea of a present Parusia, but now through the Spirit, and at the cost of a Christocentric modification of Christ's more theocentric message—though in the last analysis I believe that John, by the unqualified teaching of Christ's dependence and subordination ('I am the Vine, My Father is the Husbandman', 'I ascend to My God and your God'), is still basically true to the original theocentric Gospel of Jesus Himself.

John's Gospel, in Dr. Dodd's interpretation of it, appears as a marvellous, artificial production, immensely clever and sustained. There are different themes in the book, but relatively few, and they recur over and over again in much the same words, with a kind of elevated monotony, tending indeed to dullness, such as one finds, for example, in Deuteronomy, and very different indeed from the crisp, concise and vivid style of the Jesus in the first three Gospels; so one can easily understand the story told of John Stuart Mill, how, thrilled by the earlier Gospels, which he had not adequately known before, he read on through John as far as the fifth chapter—the discourse on the Son—and there put down the book with the words, 'This is poor stuff'. Indeed, as compared with the earlier Gospels, one feels that the Fourth lacks a real sense of the humanity of Jesus, even though it has contributed not a little to the theology of the humanity as well as of the

* *The Interpretation of the Fourth Gospel*, By C. H. Dodd. Cambridge University Press, 42s.

divinity, especially by its clear and explicit doctrine of Christ's complete dependence—'the Son can do nothing of Himself'.

But all this raises by implication the historical issue, which I now wish to consider. If Dr. Dodd is right in his views of the Gospel, then very few of the things we read of in John as done or said by Jesus are history at all; they are pious fiction in drama or doctrine. That is, they may be helpful in enlarging or deepening our ideas of Christianity, but they did not happen, except for a very few passages or phrases to be credited to the earlier Gospels or to still floating oral fragments of tradition. If this is true, I can but regret it; but I do not think it is true. Yet it is well that we should face the issue squarely. If Dr. Dodd is right, then John is not part of the record of God's evangelic act in Jesus of Nazareth in the days of His flesh, as so much of the material of the first three Gospels obviously is. On this view Jesus said hardly any of the things which we read in John; the Church has said them. Dr. E. F. Scott anticipated Dr. Dodd here (as did also many continental scholars), for in 1906 he wrote: 'The (Fourth) Gospel, then, is the expression of the mind of the Church in its effort to readjust itself to a new age and a new environment'.

History or Myth?

I am aware that there must be adjustment if there is to be continuing life, and I am aware also of the Jewish habit of *midrash* as in part explaining or condoning such a practice; but my main question remains. Is the material in John in any appreciable degree what actually happened, or is it only what someone later conceived and deliberately associated with Jesus because he felt, as the Jewish Pseudepigraphists felt, how important it was that such views should gain currency in the community? Is it history or is it myth? Some theologians today are putting faith above history—a very dangerous thing for a historical religion—and such men may care little for the question of historicity here. As for myself, I can only hope that more may be salvaged from John as history than Dr. Dodd accepts; and I think it can. I personally am of the opinion, after a lengthy study of the question, that throughout John one finds clear traces of genuine historical material, not drawn from the earlier Gospels, though in keeping with them, material which really adds to our knowledge and understanding of Jesus.

I can, however, do little here in this direction beyond suggesting certain lines of defence of a real, if partial, historicity in John. For to me it seems probable that behind our Fourth Gospel lie memories, probably in part written memoirs, of a disciple of Jesus, not indeed John, son of Zebedee, but memoirs of a Jerusalem disciple of the last days, this presupposing the existence of a genuine *corpus* of Asia Minor tradition which we may add to Mark, Q, L and M. Johannes Weiss argued in this direction in his *Urchristentum*; Renan in his preface to the *Life of Jesus* warned against undervaluing the Fourth Gospel historically; A. E. Brooke has given reasons for accepting various passages in John as independent and yet explanatory of otherwise difficult Synoptic passages; Maurice Goguel, no conservative, in his *Jesus*, has made significant use of material from John in clarifying and filling out his picture of the historical ministry of Jesus; and C. H. Dodd himself has provided various arguments which tell in the same direction.

Thus, of the incident of the crowd seeking to make Jesus king (or Messiah), recorded in John 6, Dr. Dodd says: 'The story is more perspicuous, better motivated and dramatically more effective than the Synoptic version, whether or not it is more historically credible'. Why should it not be credible? For this assumption would explain what otherwise is obscure, why Jesus (in Mark, etc.) forcibly sent His disciples away across the lake without Him; we have here probably a genuine piece of evangelic tradition. Again, of John's version of Christ's words about the Temple in John 2, Dodd says: 'The use of the imperative in the protasis of a conditional sentence and the unliterary (Greek of) "in three days" suggest that we are nearer to primitive Semitic forms of the saying'. I have long felt the cogency of this, and I see no reason to doubt that John is here using a form of the tradition genetically earlier than Mark's.

Again, in reference to the question of circumcision on the Sabbath, Dr. Dodd says: 'The evangelist puts into the mouth of Jesus an argument, that was current among one school at least of rabbis of his own time, to justify healing in critical cases on the Sabbath'. But why not accept the words as from Jesus Himself? Rabbinic Judaism, admittedly familiar to John but familiar also to Jesus, was for long greatly exercised over the superseding of the Sabbath in certain cases, its *halacha* was a slow organic growth, and the earlier Gospels provide us with parallel passages which base a liberal view of the Sabbath, as held among the

Jews themselves, upon humane or economic grounds, as in the cases of the sheep in the pit, the ox or ass in the well. And it is surely quite reasonable to take the striking saying of Jesus about the Father's working on the Sabbath as an original logion defending Christ's own activity on that day as in line with God's will, even if not in line with the priestly account of Creation—compare the well-known western *agraphon* in Luke 6 on Sabbath work, which sounds like a genuine saying of Jesus in harmony with these very passages in John.

There are often vivid elements in the Johannine stories, a fact which actually runs counter to the evangelist's own lack of interest in storytelling—he does not finish the story of the Greeks coming to see Jesus, for example, nor the account of Nicodemus visiting Him by night. Such vividness may surely at times support a historical core in the stories. For example, Lazarus in the original incident may simply have died and the comforting conviction of a future life have been effectively conveyed to his sorrowing sisters by the visit and words of Jesus without the restoration of their brother in the flesh. It is certainly most significant that, out of all the recorded parables of Jesus, it is only in the Lucan parable of Lazarus that a personal name is given—the name of Lazarus; this Lucan story probably refers to the death of Lazarus, or Eleazar, the friend of Jesus, and that without any suggestion there of the accomplishment of a physical revival.

This question of historicity is bound up fundamentally with the possibility of a genuine Asia Minor tradition regarding Jesus. And I cannot see why the Ephesian editors should have used the strange phrase 'which testifieth of these things and wrote these things' of their here accredited witness—with a remarkable oscillation between 'testifying' and 'writing' that suggests a real perplexity as to how much came from him and how it came—unless they knew of an apostolic figure associated with Ephesus who had employed in preaching some of the material in the book they were issuing and had written at least parts of it down. I think there is ground, then, for using the Fourth Gospel, as Goguel does, to eke out our knowledge of Christ's actual ministry, if we do it with care and do not claim too much. Indeed, Dr. Dodd himself has moved somewhat more definitely in this direction in his Appendix, where he seems to admit the presence and use of some real Jerusalem material, as where he points out that the place names peculiar to John belong to southern Palestine, thus giving (as he says) 'a certain southern or even metropolitan outlook'.

Dr. Dodd's book is a remarkable, an able, and, up to a point, a convincing piece of work as regards the Fourth Gospel, both in detail and in architecture. But Christian faith will still dare to hope that the Jesus depicted there actually did some of the things recorded, such as washing the disciples' feet; and as these things are often clearly in character, they seem to me at times to have probably a historical kernel.

There I must leave our discussion, with a number of question marks indeed, but with warm appreciation for a splendid, thorough, and challenging piece of work, to which the future will undoubtedly be indebted for much illumination. Our Fourth Gospel certainly remains one of the great formative books of Christian theology at its best; I still venture to hope and believe that it also adds not a little to our knowledge of the character, person and experience of Jesus, and of His historical ministry, especially in the later days after His Judean period of work had begun.—*Third Programme*

William Burnett

No cross-road gallows cluttered up his path—
His broad blade tongue cut down the fibbing woods
Where snakes hissed venomous and fanged in vain
The leather feet of his integrity.

He made no pretty-fingered play upon
Speech harpsichords. His bread and butter days
Were driven by black engines and his heart
Secreted not one word for history.

His love was off the record and his griefs
Walked his unpublic streets. Therefore I hail
The slow, unposted value of his time—
Now in his deathlight with descended tongue
I praise this christian gentleman now lodged
In ghost town of my twelfth year under heaven.

ROYSTON PURNETT

Art

Roman Portrait Busts

By L. D. ETTLINGER

ROMAN portraits today share with classical art in general a certain unpopularity. If anything, they are even less popular than sculpture or vases, and visitors to the British Museum hardly notice the rows of busts flanking the walls of a long gallery. Perhaps Roman portraiture as a distinctive and creative branch of art has scarcely ever caught the imagination of later ages. The Renaissance venerated images of Roman emperors, philosophers and poets only as '*imagines illustrium*', that is, as ancestors to be emulated. The name under a portrait or the identification of an anonymous bust with the help of coins mattered more than artistic perfection. We know that by the sixteenth century portraits of Roman emperors were thought important enough to make faking them a profitable business. During the eighteenth century there was again a certain vogue for Roman busts when English noblemen brought them home from the Grand Tour as decorations for their country houses, but then the eighteenth-century dilettante was extremely portrait-conscious. With the Classical Revival, attention was finally focussed almost exclusively on Greek art and in our own century we discovered archaic sculpture once our eyes had been trained by modern art to understand its aesthetic appeal.

An exhibition of carefully chosen masterpieces of Roman portraiture, brought together from a number of important Italian museums and shown by the Arts Council in St. James's Square, comes therefore as a surprise. We are inclined to reflect on the reasons for this choice of subject.

Maybe such an exhibition is symptomatic of a changed situation. Are we perhaps turning towards a new humanism where the most personal expression of man—his portrait—is imbued with a new significance? Are we once more becoming interested in something so simple—and yet so complex—as mere likeness, after cubist and post-cubist portraiture has played havoc with it? Do not our modern artists even now turn to harsh likeness when painting portraits, however 'abstract' their other works may be?

As a demonstration of the sequence of Roman portraiture from Etruscan beginnings to late antiquity this exhibition is most instructive; as a discriminating selection from a vast store of material it is masterly; and as a study in physiognomy it is certainly delightful. It is perhaps regrettable, though easily understood, that none of the magnificent realistic bronze heads from the Museo Nazionale in Naples could be sent to London, and one would have liked at least one example of charming extravagance in coiffure such as the graceful young lady in the Capitoline Museum.

Portraiture is a branch of art in which the Romans were truly original. The Greek portrait had developed late and even then it had aimed, like all Greek art, at the typical and the ideal. On the other hand, the Etruscans always had a tradition of almost stark realism in portraiture which seems to have been perpetuated in Roman art. Even when Rome fell under the spell of Greek art, only external features were borrowed and no Roman portrait could ever be mistaken for a Greek work. Such a concern with individuality and the psychology of the sitter as we find in the so-called Pompey (No. 9) is unthinkable in

Greek art. The almost brutal truthfulness of portraits during the latter days of the republic is aptly described as 'death-mask style' (Nos. 15 and 16). Ancient writers tell us that vividly painted wax masks of the deceased and his ancestors were carried in the funeral processions and displayed in family shrines. In this way Roman religion contributed materially to the development of 'life-like' portraits.

If we look at the wonderful head of Augustus (No. 28) we realise how the emperor's classicizing taste refined portraiture without taking away any of its pungency. The portraits from his reign help us to

understand why so grand a monument as the *Ara Pacis* would seem merely cold and eclectic were it not for the intensely personal portrayal of the participants in the procession. Here, where Greek influence was at its strongest, the Roman *penchant* for individual characterisation triumphs over rules of style.

The story of Roman art can be read from portraits alone: the return to republican simplicity under the notoriously thrifty Vespasian (No. 38), the neo-classical tendencies of the philhellenic Hadrian (No. 41), right down to the break-up of the classical tradition in the fourth century. With the serene head of a fifth-century empress (No. 64) we reach the twilight of classical antiquity; there is a dignity and feeling for distance about this head which is alien to classical art. It can no longer be turned and studied from all sides as earlier heads could. It has only a frontal view and is thereby strangely reminiscent of Byzantine coins. This is no longer the portrait of a human being, but the image of the holder of a high and elevated office.

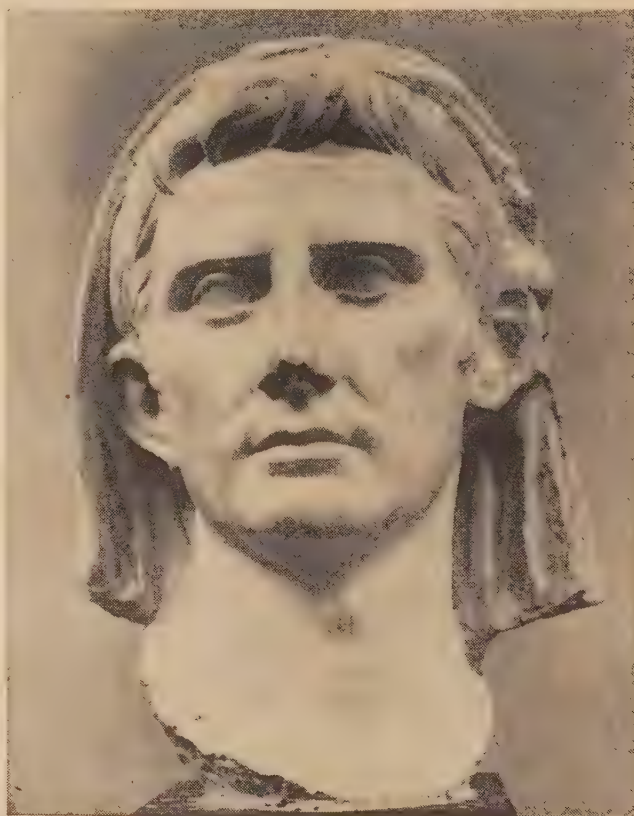
But late classical portraiture was new in more ways than one. To consider the haunting head of a third-century philosopher (No. 59, here called Plotinus, though we know he did not allow artists to make his portrait), with his troubled and searching look, is one of the most moving experiences

of the exhibition. Here we stand before a manifestation of that spirituality which was in the end to find fulfilment in the ecstatic heads on early Christian sarcophagi; and a statue like the one from Ostia (No. 67) is rightly called 'almost medieval', since the deep eyes speak of an other-worldliness which makes the exact individual appearance unimportant.

The Italian heritage of realism and Greek discipline of form made the Roman portrait what it was. The best are always true to the style of their period and yet represent a real personality of whose presence we are almost bodily aware.

It should be added that Professor Jocelyn Toynbee has written a catalogue of the exhibition which is a model of its kind. For every item the layman is given right guidance by a pithy comment, whilst the student is provided not with a rambling bibliography but with just one key reference.

The Television Annual for 1954, edited by Kenneth Baily, has now been published by Odhams, price 9s. 6d. It contains articles by Richard Dimbleby, Ronnie Waldman, Jeanne Heal, Alicia Markova, and others. The seventh edition of its *Guide to Broadcasting Stations* has been published by the *Wireless World*, price 2s.



Head of Augustus (31 B.C.-A.D.14), from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Christian Hope and Its Rivals

Sir,—Hope is a very valuable virtue. That the Christian message is full of hope is undeniable. In emphasising this, must the Very Rev. John Baillie (THE LISTENER, November 5) refuse recognition of this virtue in all other faiths? Would Buddhism maintain its hold over so many millions if it contained no message of hope? What could be more full of hope than the saying of Shri Krishna to be found in the Bhagavad Gita: 'Whenever there is a withering of the Law and an uprising of lawlessness on all sides, then I manifest Myself. For the salvation of the righteous and the destruction of such as do evil, for the firm establishment of the Law, I come to birth in age after age.' In this age and at this time surely this is a precious and a momentous message of hope?

'If any hope at all is allowed, it is for Nirvana, which is the extinction of all personal existence', says Professor Baillie. Unfortunately this opinion of Nirvana is held by many who have not studied Buddhism deeply. Mr. Clifford Bax was the first to open my eyes to the falsity of this view. In his radio play, Buddha refutes this misconception by saying, 'It means extinction or the end of the self as a separate being. It also means so vast an expansion of consciousness that no man can describe that experience . . .'. Nirvana is a gain, not a loss. It is the same as the Christian mystic's ideal of losing himself in God. It is a state worth striving for. Hope for its attainment is a driving force that should not be dismissed as valueless.

Professor Baillie might have argued that this philosophy holds no hope for an earthly form of happiness, but this is not his argument for he deplores the secularisation of the message of hope by modern western man and implies he is wrong in trying to transfer Heaven 'to this common earth'. He, too, then, is looking in hope for a transcendental state not an earthly state.

Buddha taught his followers how to overcome the pains and sorrows of this world. Surely this was, and is, a message of hope? Krishna taught his followers that God loved mankind, and that when evil was most rampant He would send men a Saviour. Is not this a message of hope?

Jesus Christ taught both these truths and how men by seeking the Kingdom of Heaven within them could bring the Kingdom of God into manifestation. Here, too, is a message of hope.

All these teachings have been distorted. In the west, Christians have distorted this message into too great a belief in the powers within the personality of man rather than within the soul in man. In the east too great an emphasis has been laid on the subjective nature of man as against his objective nature.

I suggest that our hope for world brotherhood lies not in belittling the good in the religions of the east but in trying to understand the basic foundations of the eastern way of life. We should at any rate remove the beam from our own western eye before we try to remove the mote from the eyes of our eastern brothers.

Yours, etc.,

Teddington ALICE BOSTOCK

What Trieste Means to Italy

Sir,—I am sorry that in my first letter I was so incautious as to admit some of Mr. Borsa's contentions, as I think he now invalidates them by his selective, propagandist methods.

He decries the Julian Free State, because in the 1952 elections the Independents got only twenty-two per cent. of the votes, but, in the circumstances, it was remarkable that they got even as many as that. As I explained, help was pouring in from outside to the two opposing annexation parties, but none at all to the party of moderation and reconciliation. In any case, these plebiscites reflect the political influences of the moment but often have little bearing on those cultural and national liberties of which Mazzini was the apostle. If there had been a referendum in Ireland forty years ago as to whether a republic should be established, there would scarcely have been a two per cent. vote in its favour, far less twenty-two per cent.; a referendum in Ireland now, would, as Mr. Borsa suggests, produce precisely contrary results.

Mr. Borsa says that only a 'fascist fool' would consider Maria Pasquinelli a martyr. Yet he must know that the death penalty passed on her in the spring of 1947 was repealed in response to 'thousands of petitions' (see the post-fascist Trieste daily, *La Voce Libera*, May 9, 1947). As a martyr she would, in a Trieste incorporated in Italy, stand as good a chance of a halo as any political assassin anywhere. She might, of course, like the Triestino Oberdank, who tried to kill the Emperor Franz Josef in 1882, have to wait half a century for her monument in Trieste but she would get it in the end, surely.

Mr. Borsa refers to Italy's good post-war record in the field of 'international co-operation'. Let us grant that, but here we are considering the far smaller field of Italo-Yugoslav co-operation in Trieste and we have to pick our way through a fog of disingenuous and hypocritical propaganda issuing from both sides of the Adriatic. For example, in today's paper I read how Bishop Santin has solemnly denounced some British-led police for pursuing anti-British rioters into a church. Bishop Santin has, more than any other Triestino, been quoted in the press as an impartial witness of events and I suspect that Mr. Borsa will not care to call him a 'fascist fool'. Yet what, in fact, is his record? As Bishop of Fiume in June 1934 he suppressed the use of the Slovene language in all the churches of his diocese and in August of the same year he forbade also Croatian and Old Slavonic, though a long tradition, confirmed by a papal decree of 1906, had sanctioned their employment in the liturgy. By an order of November 1, 1936, he suspended 'a *divinis ipso facto*' all priests who used a Slavonic tongue. In fact, he lent himself wholeheartedly to the fascist policy of the Italianisation of Istria.

Now, if, in relation to the Slav minorities, there was any profound distinction of policy between Italian nationalists of the fascist and post-fascist brand, would Mgr. Santin have been quoted so frequently as a spokesman for Italian claims? Would he not, at the least, have been tactfully moved from the area of Italo-Slavonic tension?

I hope that Mr. Borsa will give us his views on this and tell us frankly if he believes that Mazzini would share them? If not, is it right to exploit in a narrow nationalist interest, the prestige of a great writer and thinker, who belongs not to Italy only but to the world.

Like every other diplomatic contrivance, the

Julian Free State would have many enemies, but if it were backed by the good will of civilised peoples would it not hold out a better prospect of peace, on the regional and the cosmic scale, than any other alternative?—Yours, etc.,

Bennettsbridge

HUBERT BUTLER

Rome and Oxford

Sir,—May I reply to those who have kindly written to you about my talk on Manning and Newman (THE LISTENER, October 29). I had hoped for a frontal assault and am rather disconcerted by this skirmishing on the flank.

I would assure Miss Rose Macaulay that I had no wish to attack the Anglican Church in the two centuries prior to the Oxford Movement, not at least for the sake of doing so. I was trying to compress into a phrase the nature of that Church as seen through Tractarian eyes, i.e., 'dissatisfaction with the whole regime of tory squire and tory parson . . . with the fossilised institution of Church and State' (Faber's *Oxford Apostles*, page 247). Of course there was piety and even saintliness, but the activities to which Miss Macaulay refers—services held in secret, pamphleteering, etc.—were surely by their nature those of minorities. The very word 'enthusiasm' had become a term of contempt. Evangelicalism may have reduced the number of 'Parson Woodfordes' but there were still many who preferred courting hares to saving souls. Pugin, in the 'thirties, was horrified at parsons who wore their riding boots to administer the sacrament; Newman was horrified at Oxford's champagne breakfasts after early Communion.

I am grateful to Mr. Masterman for pointing out that, in reproducing an error of Lytton Strachey's, I attributed to Keble an utterance of Newman's. I apologise, but I am glad it was Newman since that strengthened my thesis.

To Mr. Stanton I would say that in the opinion both of Manning (Purcell's *Life*, Vol. I, page 44) and myself, Balliol had under Jenkyns already begun the process of turning out successful men; Manning even thought it lost ground under Jowett. That the Mannings were of 'a higher social position' than the Newmans is true; its relevance escapes me.

Mr. Stanton finds my statement that Pius IX 'identified himself with Christ', crude and offensive. The truth often is. The words will be found in the classic authority: the English translation of Nielsen's *The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. II, page 315).

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

R. FURNEAUX JORDAN

The Geological Record in Evolution

Sir,—Surely there is no problem whatever regarding the absence of fossils in the Pre-Cambrian rocks. As life was confined entirely to the sea and consisted of protoplasmic creatures, and as the rocks were composed of a hard crystalline substance, it must be apparent that any of these creatures cast up by flood or tempest would be rapidly dried up by the high temperatures prevailing at the time, and any residue blown away by the strong winds. The rocks described by Mr. Dewar (THE LISTENER, November 5), bearing the imprints of raindrops and jelly fish (a more complex organism), belonged to the Cambrian system, and bore also the marks of moving sea-weeds, crawling worms, remains of shell-fish, and the trilobites.

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The one consistent and abiding link with these amoeba-like creatures of Eozoic times is the phagocyte. This white cell is a constituent of the blood of Homo Sapiens; and by osmosis can leave the capillaries and move to the site of invasion of the body by those low vegetable organisms, the bacteria. These creatures are ingested and destroyed by the phagocytes in, no doubt, the same manner that the archaic creatures ingested their food (probably the dead and disintegrated fragments of each other; as we have no record as to when plant life appeared in the form of primitive algae). Whether the process of phagocytosis in the animal and human body is an automatic and natural evolutionary impulse remains conjectural; but one thing is certain, that without it the higher forms of life would not have survived. The effects of the use of the antibiotics upon phagocytosis will be of great interest to future biologists, particularly when resistant strains of bacteria emerge.—Yours, etc., Chelsea, S.W.3 DOROTHY E. WARREN

The Author's Lot

Sir,—As an admirer and regular reader of THE LISTENER, I find myself puzzled by a reference in your editorial in the number of October 8. The puzzling passage is: 'Publishers of repute will accept works by promising authors even when they cannot hope to sell more than a few thousand copies—in marked contrast with American practice'. May I ask what American practice the editorial writer had in mind?

The publishing of promising authors, even when they cannot hope to sell more than a few thousand copies, is both the frequent pleasure and occasional pride of American publishers. Does this not constitute a practice?

Yours, etc.,

New York, 16 SIMON MICHAEL BESSIE
General Editor, Harper and Brothers

Restoring a Giorgione

Sir,—Mr. Ruhemann is to be congratulated not only on his successful cleaning and restoration of Giorgione's 'Adulteress', but also on the interesting story of the ingenious methods used in the restoration (THE LISTENER, November 5). I hope to be able to see the picture before it returns to Scotland.

It is curious, however, that neither he nor other writers on this subject mention that both of the right-hand figures, and possibly the whole of that part of the picture, were completely re-painted within, I should say, the middle half of the eighteenth century, so that it is possible that the face and figure of the Magdalene (as I prefer to believe her to have been) are not Giorgione's original at all.

I gather that the colours are in the same material as the original, but Mr. Ruhemann, in his broadcast, has suggested that it is possible to restore a picture in tempera at any time, and there is no reason to suppose that eighteenth-century artists were unacquainted with this medium.—Yours, etc.,

Lyme Regis ERNEST H. PHILLIPS

The Unbroken 'Ring'

Sir,—At the end of his interesting talk on 'The Ring' (THE LISTENER, October 29), Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones seemed trembling on the brink of what, to a slightly younger generation than his, would constitute a heresy. For he attributes much of the disgust with Wagner experienced by his own generation to the 'excessive naturalism' of the sets, and sees hope for the future in the electrical effects as used in the new Bayreuth productions. But the words he used make one wonder if he fully appreciates Wagner's own visual intentions—which were characteristic

of the mid-nineteenth century in that he required an impression of total reality (when producing 'The Ring' he even recommended the costumier to read Latin descriptions of what primitive Germanic peoples looked like). A magic flame was to look like a superior kind of real flame. If this is attempted by the old system of coloured streamers it is therefore inadequate: if it is done by modern cinematographic devices it is better. It follows that whenever the new Bayreuth attempts supernatural effects it has an immense advantage and, one assumes, would have been approved by Wagner. In scenes of this kind the fault of the productions of Mr. Pryce-Jones' youth would have been not 'excessive naturalism' but 'staginess'—in other words insufficient naturalism.

But in the depiction of perfectly ordinary settings the new Bayreuth productions seemed to me often to fail. What is the point of showing a perfectly blank stage when Wagner says 'a rocky place'? If rocks can be suggested more convincingly with lights than with cardboard, very well; but *some* means must imperatively be used to this end. Rocks must be there and must look like rocks, no matter what they are in fact made of. In other words, any sort of stylisation in Wagnerian scenery, whether by the old, obviously painted sets, or by the newer (but not, in fact, modern by non-Wagnerian standards) symbolic steps or space, is automatically heretical.

It was not clear from Mr. Pryce-Jones' talk exactly how much of the new methods met with his approval. But to one, such as myself, who has recently visited Bayreuth for the first time it seemed that a great gain in one field had been partly offset by some loss in another.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 CECIL GOULD

The Task of the Art Critic

Sir,—Could a poet write: 'Her neck is like the swan'? Many years ago I was told by a native of the Annie Laurie country that this line is a bowdlerisation of the lovely original, 'She's breastlike like the swan', which makes sense and poetry. It seems that familiarity with the idea of a long, thin neck on a rural beauty, who was probably as plump as a partridge, has saved it from the derision it deserves.—Yours, etc.,
Worthing A. KENYON

Sir,—Mr. Eric Newton in his excellent talk covers the whole of the extremely difficult field of art criticism today and aptly discusses its problems. He maintains that the only way open to the art critic is to translate into prose his personal reactions to a given work of art. He admits that to this end nineteenth-century methods are grossly inadequate as far as modern art is concerned, and he rightly says that the critic must invent 'a new form of criticism'. But what the modern critic's method is to be he really does not say.

It seems to me that to avoid the dangers of uncouth egocentricism (what I like is good and what I dislike is bad) and of a highfalutin' subjectivism, the critic should follow some well defined technique of asserting the objective validity and importance of a work of art. An account of the critic's own momentary reactions may not be enough . . . After all, he may not be in a receptive mood when he sees the exhibition, or he may have to deal with a good work that happens to be not his cup of tea. There certainly seems to be a good case for a method which would put an end to lighthearted and unreliable manifestations of personal idiosyncrasies that only too often masquerade as art criticism.

May I therefore suggest the following:

(i) The critic should first try to discover the artist's point of departure and make a serious

intellectual effort to find out what were the artist's formal aims in the given work and to what philosophical purpose he has dedicated himself.

(ii) Next, he should proceed to criticise the artist's achievement in the light of these intentions and to decide whether the artist has in fact managed (a) to realise his formal aims by the means he has employed, and (b) to communicate his purpose to his public.

(iii) Finally, the critic should consider whether the aims were worth achieving and the purpose worth communicating. At this stage he should apply formal aesthetic as well as social criteria and ask himself whether the work in front of him leads to a new visual conclusion, and whether, and in what manner, it enriches our experience.

I do not deny that in some cases the task may prove extremely difficult but something, in my opinion, could be attempted on these lines.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

MAREK ZULAWSKI

Damages for Shock

(continued from page 808)

that eighty yards was too remote. But he held that as the taxi driver was backing slowly he could not have contemplated that this would frighten the mother. It is not entirely clear why a slow accident should be less terrifying than a fast one. Lord Justice Hodson disagreed with both his brother Lords Justices concerning the importance of distance or speed. He held that in no circumstances could a mother recover for such a shock unless she herself was in physical danger. In view of this conflict of judicial opinion it cannot be said that the law has been left in a very clear state.

King v. Phillips did not go to the House of Lords, so we cannot tell what that final court would have said concerning emotional shock. It may be of interest, however, to speculate concerning possible conclusions which the House of Lords may reach in some future case. It may decide that no one can recover damages for emotional shock, however caused, unless he himself was in physical danger. There is something to be said for such a conclusion on practical grounds, but personally I think that it interprets the duty of care too narrowly.

The House of Lords may decide that the relationship between a parent and child is so close that a parent can recover for a shock caused by a threat to the child, but that liability cannot be extended beyond this. This, of course, is slightly less narrow, but it is not very logical because emotion does not always depend on relationship.

Finally, the House of Lords may decide that there is a general duty of care not to injure persons intentionally or negligently by emotional shock. I doubt whether such a conclusion would widen the field of liability to any dangerous extent, because it would still be necessary for the plaintiff to prove that his emotions were not unreasonable and that the shock had, in fact, caused the illness he had suffered. He would also have to prove that the defendant ought reasonably to have foreseen the consequences.

This, however, is guess-work, and in the meanwhile all that we can say is that the law concerning emotional shock is still uncertain. There are, of course, numerous instances in the law where the courts have found it difficult to draw a precise line; and where it is only after many cases have been decided that a general principle has emerged. The question of liability for emotional shock is no exception to this rule, so we must wait patiently for the final answer.

—Third Programme

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'A well-rounded portrait of a noble, perceptive figure... Mr. Paul handles with fine judgment the chaotic tangle of Tudor times and draws a provocative, but not over-stressed, parallel with our own age'.—GUY RAMSEY: *Daily Telegraph*. Illustrated. 12/6

Caravaggio

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This is the first full-length book about Caravaggio in English. The author gives a brief account of Caravaggio's life, examines the impact of the artist's life and works upon his contemporaries, and draws up a canon of authentic works in a probable historic sequence. With 97 plates, 1 in colour. 50/-

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Introduction and Translation by Sybil Moholy-Nagy

Klee's *Pedagogical Sketchbook* contains 43 lessons in design intended for the curriculum of the German Bauhaus. 'It suggests and illustrates in a concise form some of the ways of pictorial thinking which are characteristic of modern art... a famous and important volume of contemporary artistic theory'.—*Times Literary Supplement*. With 87 illustrations. 15/- A symposium on this book will be held at the I.C.A. on November 24 at 8.15 p.m. under the chairmanship of Professor William Coldstream.

FABER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Old Men Forget. The Autobiography of Duff Cooper (Viscount Norwich). Hart-Davis. 21s.

VISCOUNT NORWICH, BETTER KNOWN to the pre-war generation as Duff Cooper, admits in his autobiography that he is a man with a sharp temper. But he is also, by the same token, a strong personality and whether as civil servant, politician, Minister of State, author, or ambassador, he has always succeeded in making his mark. And his autobiography is much better than most political autobiographies, although not as good as his friend, Sir Winston Churchill's. The reason why Sir Winston's political books are so much more interesting than others is that he usually takes the trouble to find out what other people were thinking and doing at the same time. If Viscount Norwich, for example, had related his experiences at the time of the Munich crisis to what we now know from other sources (such as the Foreign Office documents and German documents) it would have added valuable background to the personal story. As it is, the autobiography does derive special value from the fact that at various stages in his career Viscount Norwich kept a diary.

To some readers the most attractive part of the book may be the earlier part which depicts an era that has largely passed away. Duff Cooper's father was a doctor who frequently said 'Throw physic to the dogs', and when he saw his son swallowing a tonic observed 'What the boy really needs is a pint of champagne and a mutton chop'. From Eton and Oxford Duff Cooper went to the Foreign Office and after an interval in the Grenadier Guards (the Regimental Adjutant was a friend of his) reverted to that position after the war. He spent much time moving in society, holidaying abroad, and meditating political ambitions. Lord Curzon was moved to protest 'at his ability while performing his duties to enjoy an amount of social relaxation unclaimed by his fellow workers'. In 1919 he married Lady Diana Manners, who later burst into fame as a stage and film actress. In 1924 he was adopted as Conservative candidate for Oldham, although he apparently knew nothing either of Lancashire or of cotton. It was a two-member constituency and Sir Edward Grigg, the Liberal member, who was a friend of his, promised to try to persuade the Liberals not to put up a second candidate. On October 11 'Ned Grigg rang me up after dinner to say that he had with great difficulty persuaded the Liberals to run only one candidate'. So on October 29 he was elected. Next day he went shooting 'in pleasant surroundings'. Those indeed were good times.

Success followed success. He wrote *Talleyrand* and *Haig*. He helped Baldwin defy the Press Lords in the famous St. George's by-election of 1931 (but Beaverbrook was another friend of his). He became Secretary of State for War and then First Lord of the Admiralty. While not sympathising with Eden when he resigned over Italy (Duff Cooper, like Chamberlain, wanted an Anglo-Italian understanding to fight Germany) he himself resigned after Munich. Apropos his speech of resignation he tells a tale that reflects badly on the then editor of *The Times*. He became Minister of Information, a post where he admits he felt unhappy, and later ambassador in Paris, for him an ideal milieu. All through his life, it seemed, his friends kept putting silver spoons in his mouth. But he knew how to use them.

Viscount Norwich is a man of the right, and so must be judged. His attitude to the Labour Party is disclosed when he says of the first Labour Government that neither Ramsay MacDonald nor any of his Cabinet with the exception of Haldane 'had ever held office before', forgetting that both Henderson and Clynes had some excellent experience. And he says that this Government 'did nothing during their nine months of office to prove efficiency or popularity', overlooking, surely, Wheatley's Housing Act, the unemployment reforms, the Dawes conference, and the French promise to evacuate the Ruhr. But one must not grumble at such judgments in a Conservative's autobiography; it is only necessary for the reader to remind himself that, like all political autobiographies, it needs to be put in perspective as a historical document.

Mind You, I've Said Nothing: Forays in the Irish Republic.

By Honor Tracy. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

MISS HONOR TRACY is a very brave woman, as well as being a most amusing writer; she has dared to act like the child in Hans Andersen's story of *The Emperor's New Clothes* and point out a shocking nudity; but instead of having a mere couple of swindlers and a few courtiers to contend with, she opposes three separate groups of considerable power and venom who have a vested interest in maintaining that the Emperor is fully dressed in the most attractive of all raiments: the inhabitants of the Irish Republic themselves, the more numerous, energetic and vociferous group of emigrants and their descendants, and the sentimental and guilt-ridden English Birophiles.

Miss Tracy has tried to tell the naked truth about what she accurately dubs the Cloud Cuckoo Land of the Irish Republic and its inhabitants; and as far as the present reviewer can tell, she has triumphantly succeeded. The truth is not pretty by Anglo-Saxon standards, and Miss Tracy doesn't pull her punches; but she writes with such zest and such a pretty wit that even the most fervid partisans must find their anger dissolving in mirth as hit after hit goes home. Nearly everything is passed in review: the fantasy of Gaelic, the political role of the Catholic Church, the censorship, betting and drinking, the passion for litigation as a device for extorting money, the deviousness, the acrimony, the cunning, the malice and love of destructiveness for its own sake, the fecklessness and inefficiency, the abominable cooking, the endless talk and the endless charm.

One of the most amusing chapters describes the drab celebrations of St. Patrick's Day in Dublin:

Could these limp Dubliners have been transferred by magic to Broadway, for example, they too would surely have capered and cut up and cracked skulls in the blithe old tradition. With all the Jews and Italians and Germans looking on they would have become exuberantly and aggressively Irish. . . . But, alas! what is the point of being Irish when everyone else is Irish too?

Mass in the morning, vacuity through the day, oblivion at night: religion, inertia, alcohol; Ireland's Saint had once more been honoured in the appropriate style. And of the three leaves in the Irish shamrock the kindest and best is alcohol. . . .

Miss Tracy misses very little; but there is one peculiarly dotty feature which she has omitted to mention. Every smallest village, every suburb

of every town of Eire has newly built stone-walled courtyards which stand perpetually empty; they are courts for the traditional national game which nobody knows how to play. Apart from churches and lunatic asylums, to which she pays due attention, they are among the most conspicuous of modern buildings.

This is one of the rare books which merits reading twice, the first time for sheer hilarious amusement, and the second for instruction and edification. The Irish are very much with us; and there is more useful information and insight to be extracted from these fourteen essays than from any number of weighty tomes.

The Age of Paradox: A Biography of England, 1841-1851. By John W. Dodds. Gollancz. 22s. 6d.

Narrative is linear, history is solid, observes Professor Dodds; and what he has tried to do is to re-create the 'solidity' of one decade of Victorian history. The decade itself, 1841-1851, was a good choice. Without being exceptionally paradoxical, it has at least a fair claim to be the water-shed of English history in the nineteenth century. The distinction between narrative and history is less certain. It might be argued that history is linear and that it is only historical material which is solid. But there is little point in discussing these verbal definitions. The nature of the book is clear enough. It is a panorama of what engaged the interest of the mass of English people during those ten years; and human nature, then as now, is engaged more commonly by the trivial and the ephemeral than by the significant and the historical.

To more than a modest number of the British people in this period, the author reminds us, *Eliza Cook's Journal* was of more importance than the *Edinburgh Review*. It is a salutary reminder and in a sense it forms the moral of the book. The weather, the cost of living, family magazines, the latest murder trial, railway travel, patent medicines, the Great Exhibition—these are the topics that fill as much space in Professor Dodds' detailed and generously illustrated chapters as Corn Laws, the Oxford Movement, and Chartism. It is a list, but a fascinating list, based on the simple formula of bringing together things which happened together in their own time. For the professional historian, whose work is largely disentangling things, there is a moral in this. For the ordinary reader, since the technique is pictorial rather than analytical, the result is of immense interest.

It is of course only one man's view of that epoch; and as the author is the first to admit, one man's outlook cannot be universal. Some may feel that too much attention has been paid to London, too little to the provinces and countryside. Few echoes of the world of Surtees and Borrow are audible in these urban and middle-class pages. There is no adequate discussion of the part played by religion, though the author does not fail to note the large proportion of sermons and pietistic works printed and sold each year. There is something on educational deficiencies; not much on what education there was. The aristocracy is viewed briefly and without interest. Indeed the governing classes are deliberately removed from the forefront of the scene. As befits a transatlantic author, Professor Dodds has chosen to write mainly about the 'common man' according to the twentieth-century definition—suburban,

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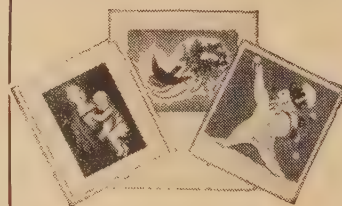
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literate, sensual—with all the interests and limitations which that implies. There are a few over-statements, some misprints, some omissions from the index, an occasional pretentiousness.

But these blemishes are of no importance when set against the honesty, industry, and range of the author's writing. At a score of points he has captured the flavour of early Victorian society with its coarseness and animal vitality, as well as its conventionalities and ideals. More than any other single work, his book gives a sense of the jostling disordered mass of human activities going on in this country a century ago.

What it all means in the end is a different question and one which the author is not particularly concerned to answer. The predominant impression of the book is not direction but breadth. There is no real reason why it starts in 1841 or stops in 1851. As with the life of the society it depicts, there is no beginning and no end, no single theme and no conclusion. At most there is the feeling left with the author himself, that this energetic, emotional, prejudiced generation of Victorians by common sense, luck, and hard work, were muddling their way through with increasing confidence to a new and better age. Meanwhile they saw to it that their own age was not without its creature comforts and amusements, not all of them of the parlour variety.

Poems. By Elizabeth Jennings.

Fantasy Press. 5s.

Sixpenny Songs. By John Pudney.

Bodley Head. 4s. 6d.

Miss Jennings is one of a few out of a new generation of poets whose work during the last year or two has seemed to be of some interest, and this collection will be welcomed. In bulk, however, her poems present the same overriding characteristic as their single appearances in periodicals: they are remarkably unreadable. It is not that they are really tough going—though a careful ambiguity of syntax and frequent parentheses demand a few perusals totally concentrated on their sense—but that they make too few concessions to the various arts of poetry. In a word, they do not contain enough gimmicks. They are all quite short, mostly with a loose iambic line and an irregular assonance or rhyme: they explore refinements of feeling or perception, often through a symbol rather too deliberately chosen and extended through the whole length of the poem: sometimes they read like a paragraph of the heroine's stream of consciousness in a 'subtle' novel. Here, for example, is the start of 'The Substitute':

He rehearsed then with an understudy
(Love he had cast not ready to play the part
Nor knowing yet disturbance in the heart).

This is not an entirely unpromising image, though clearly if the poem is to ring the bell it must be developed with sharp personal feeling. But Miss Jennings rarely reveals herself as more than a vague brooding feminine sensitivity. These poems are assured and accomplished, and written in the right language, but unless their author can enlarge her interests and her style they may lead only to a dead end.

Mr. Pudney also writes short poems, but no greater contrast could be found than between his self-confident contrivances and Miss Jennings' painstaking structures. Mr. Pudney, too, started as a serious poet, and though he seems now a deliberately popular one he still has sufficient skill and subtlety to keep out of that class of verse which usually appears in places and for a public totally ignorant of the aims of such as Miss Jennings. Mr. Pudney's poetry would, indeed, be not half a bad thing if it were more

spontaneous, contained fewer epithets like 'blithe' and 'lissom', and pandered less to the kind of sentiments believed by such as Mr. Noël Coward to be generally held by the people of these islands. Of course, these are quite large requirements.

Must We Burn de Sade?

By Simone de Beauvoir.

Peter Nevill. 11s. 6d.

De Sade: Selected Writings. Translated by Leonard de Saint-Yves.

Peter Owen. 30s.

During the last century all schools of French writers with pretensions to an all-embracing intellectual outlook have tried to come to terms with de Sade and, in most cases, to claim him as a literary ancestor. Sade is the most extreme writer in French (or indeed any European language); he is the prototype of the libertine in every sense of the word—free man, free thinker, licentious; he carries to the most extreme point of logic the problem of the conflict between human nature and the demands of society; he has described and analysed evil with a meticulous thoroughness of which the only analogue is to be found in the writings of the mystics; and he is the major precursor of the contemporary sciences of sexology and psychoanalysis. He has been claimed as a *poète maudit*, a satanist, a symbolist, a scientist, a revolutionary, a surrealist; now Madame de Beauvoir claims him as an existentialist.

Her essay, *Faut-il Brûler Sade?*, is, within limits, one of the most intelligent, and certainly one of the calmest, appraisals that has been made of this extraordinary and scandalous writer. Some of her biographical facts are dubious, her allusions to his books must often be obscure to readers who do not know them extremely well, and she only concentrates her analytical powers on one aspect of his multifarious work: the dilemma of freedom and society, when an individual's desires go counter to social laws. Should he renounce his desires, and so be no longer free? or flout society, and so risk his physical freedom? The ethical problem which Sade posed both in his life and works is elaborated with considerable skill, learning and ingenuity. Madame de Beauvoir makes good her case for considering Sade as a premature existentialist; though, to do this, she practically ignores, where she does not contemptuously reject, all of de Sade's thinking and writing which are not concerned with sex, crime, and liberty. In his singularity he was a more universal figure than she will allow.

Unfortunately, people with a serious interest in either de Sade or existentialism will need to read Madame de Beauvoir's essay in French. The translation under review is barely literate, marred by frequent mistranslations and misunderstandings, full of the most careless misprints and with words and lines omitted. Madame de Beauvoir's essay is only about 30,000 words; to increase the bulk of the book a bibliography and a 'chronology' of de Sade's life have been added. These are translated, though with no acknowledgment, from Gilbert Lely's scholarly selection *D. A. F. de Sade*, published by Seghers in Paris in 1948; a few irrelevant historic facts (e.g. '1769. Birth of Napoléon Bonaparte. Madame du Barry becomes the King's mistress') have been added to the 'chronology'; and the bibliography has been marred by the inclusion of a few items, certainly not by de Sade, from Guillaume Apollinaire's bibliography of 1912; Apollinaire knew these ascriptions were false, and included them as such. Two of the plates in the present book originally appeared in Apollinaire, one of them a ludicrous 'imaginary portrait' which does not

correspond in any way with the descriptions of de Sade which Madame de Beauvoir quotes; the other two plates are taken from Lely's book, one of them being in Lely's writing; and even that has mistranslations on the verso. If burning is in question, it is not de Sade's works which merit that destiny.

English readers can now for the first time get some faint notion of de Sade's peculiar qualities and defects. The notion can only be faint, for the three works which show his specific genius are not only too obscene and blasphemous for full translation, but extremely long; and the length, the constant shift from action to discussion, the cumulative orgies and justifications, is an essential aspect of his strange creations. Nearly a quarter of these *Selected Writings* come from these three novels (the excerpts from *Justine* being entirely new to English readers); but the greater part of the book consists of stories and essays which would now be completely forgotten if they were not by the author of *Les 120 Journées*. The translations faithfully mirror de Sade's style; and the volume is preceded by a brief and moderate introduction.

A History of Russian Philosophy

By V. V. Zenovsky. Two Volumes.

Kegan Paul. £4 4s.

This remarkable book is the product of some forty years of research. It is important because it is the only complete history of Russian thought that has ever been written. The author traces the contribution of Russian philosophy to European thought back to the peculiar nature of Russian religiosity in the days before Peter the Great. It was not until the eighteenth century that anything that could be called 'philosophy' emerged, and then, like philosophy in the west, it was the result of religious questioning. 'The key to the dialectic of Russian philosophy', writes Professor Zenovsky, 'is to be found in the problem of secularism'. But secularism in Russia was different from secularism elsewhere. Western thought made its impact upon a highly charged religious atmosphere, upon a world whose thinkers were preoccupied with the destiny of man and the part to be played by Russia in its unfolding, and upon a society with a peculiar and unstable structure. These are the threads that run through Professor Zenovsky's history, which he carries down to the present day, with accounts of the philosophy of Plekhanov, Bogdanov, and Lenin, and of such writers as Merezhkovski and Berdyaev.

As Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at the Russian Orthodox Seminary in Paris, he is naturally more in sympathy with those philosophers who write within the Orthodox tradition, but he has made every effort to be fair to authors whose secularism has led them into the opposite camp. For this reason, though not everyone will agree with his criticisms, his book is a mine of valuable information for all who are interested in Russian thought.

Sir Christopher Wren

By John Summerson. Collins. 8s. 6d.

Wren the Incomparable. By Martin S. Briggs. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

Christopher Wren was a genius of many parts in an age when, specialisation being less an obsession than it is now, genius could show itself in many ways. Indeed, the specialised profession of 'architect' hardly existed in Restoration England, at least by that name. Wren's acquaintances must have thought of him, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as a brilliant astronomer and mathematician who had—thanks to his family's loyalty during the Civil War—been made Surveyor to the Crown, although they would grant that his geometric knowledge

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was also something of a qualification. This particular surveyorship turned out to be no Court sinecure. For London, as it happens, was destroyed by fire. Wren thus found himself diverting his genius to architecture, and emerged as the greatest exponent of European Baroque on this side of the Alps.

Mr. Summerson's admirable contribution to the 'Brief Lives' series, though scantily illustrated, is all the more amusing and all the more interesting, just because he does sketch in only lightly the familiar story of Wren the architect, while giving more than a third of his book to Wren the scientist. It was no mere chance, this link between seventeenth-century science and architecture; it is only surprising that it has not until now been more fully explored. Wren basked in the sun of the first scientific age, the first era to see experiment and enquiry, rather than ecclesiastical dogma, as a road to truth.

It was still, of course, a world of credulity, witchcraft and gross superstition, but nevertheless weighing, measuring and observing were a recognised part of the new learning, as also were the works of Vitruvius and the Five Orders of Architecture.

Learning, in fact, was a unity; not so extensive that it could not as a whole come within the compass of a single exceptional mind, and not so complex that art and science could not both be part of that single whole. That the astronomer would also, as a matter of course, be master of the Corinthian entablature or Doric pediment, was however less important than that Wren, in dabbling with clocks, globes, dissected dogs and orreries, had become a geometrician, a neat draughtsman and a deft model-maker. We need not suppose that St. Paul's was a very scientific structure; in fact it was not. In some ways—for all the great glory of the dome and

western towers—it was a most inadequate building. It was simply that Wren the scientist was already, when he turned to the great work of his life, an adept contriver and maker of things. The science of the seventeenth century was not very scientific, nor was the architecture; but—as Mr. Summerson shows—the former was an admirable preparation for the latter.

If Mr. Summerson explains, for the first time, a new and fascinating aspect of Wren, Mr. M. S. Briggs tells the more familiar and more orthodox story of Wren's buildings, but on the whole tells it very well. Evelyn and Hawksmoor are his authorities for his title: *Wren the Incomparable*. And who—thinking of the great dome or the graceful, almost chinoiserie fantasy of the City steeples floating over the little houses—who would deny it? Mr. Briggs has produced a scholarly book but one which the general reader in search of Wren can thoroughly enjoy.

A New Novel

Missa Sine Nomine. By Ernst Wiechert. Peter Nevill. 15s.

IT is probable that literature has always made less difference to the world than *littérateurs* would like to think. But at least it has been one of the tools with which men have dug themselves out of intolerable situations. One of the lesser calamities of the present state of things is that the piles of explosive rubble that cover the world we used to know are hardly to be shifted with the old implements. So literature digs holes in corners, or doodles in the sand; the mountains of debris are vast and obvious; but the time when the arts can contemplate a frontal attack on them does not seem to have arrived. Nine-tenths of the novels that appear today are not bad—but simply, through no fault of their authors, totally inadequate to the situation in which we actually live. Ernst Wiechert's *Missa Sine Nomine* is distinguished, if for no other reason, for the magnitude of the task that it attempts. Wiechert is the great figure of the German 'inner emigration', one of those who stayed in Germany through the Nazi times and survived to contemplate the ruins. If one were to say that *Missa Sine Nomine* is about post-war recovery it would be in a way true, but it would suggest something very much less than the actuality. This book is not about material reconstruction, and it is far removed from the Germany of the present moment, with industry booming and rearmament just round the corner. It is about, to use what are almost the last words of the last chapter, the continuity of life, and the recovery of a sense of life, in a situation where all hope of it might seem to be impossible.

Few people have had the right to attempt a theme like this, and most of them were dead before they had the chance. Wiechert is one of the few. He spent four years in Buchenwald; and it would be difficult for anyone who had not had such an experience to face his subject without presumption or evasion. He may not entirely have escaped these dangers himself; but until attempts such as his are made the spectres of the past twenty years are not likely to be exorcised. The scene is set among refugees and displaced persons. The central characters are three brothers, one of whom, Amadeus, has spent four years in a Nazi concentration camp. He returns to a castle belonging to his family, to find it occupied by the Americans and his two brothers living in a shepherd's hut on the moors not far off. Of these, Erasmus has been a general who deserted his troops in the final Russian invasion; and Aegidius continued to cultivate the East Prussian estate till the advance

of the war drove him out. The three brothers now find themselves near a family mansion of their own, but in a distant part of Germany in the American zone, with some sort of order restored to the country, but with all their old way of life gone. Some of their former tenants turn up, and the old coachman Christoph. They occupy deserted houses on the moor and live by cutting peat. The old relationships begin to re-form themselves, and the book is concerned with the return of this community to life.

This is not a theme that is likely to command much immediate sympathy at present. I imagine that for Germans the situation is too specialised and the characters too untypical for the book to seem a real mirror of their condition. For the rest of Europe—well, it is not hard to feel pity for the plight of the defeated, but at some point someone is bound to ask who brought it all about. Wiechert shows the usual German absence of any clear sense of political responsibility for the horrors of the Nazi regime. This matters less than might be supposed, for it is not a political book; though it probably has political implications. The day after peace broke out, in several Japanese prison camps in south Siam British soldiers were playing football with the Korean guards they had for several years been cordially anxious to kill. They were extraordinarily good at forgetting, which is better than remembering in the wrong way. Wiechert is trying to remember everything and still to recover sanity, which is just what Europe finds it almost impossible to do. But he is writing entirely in the personal sphere, and his community is so small and so deliberately isolated that it is not a model for action on a larger scale.

Of the three brothers Aegidius finds his way back into life most easily. He has always been a landowner, most of his energies have gone into tilling the soil; there is plenty of soil to be tilled, and too few people to do it, and he soon finds himself back at his old work, married to a woman with the same instincts, with a child to follow him on. He has nothing to expiate, and no failures and no social conventions can alter the simple necessities of his kind of existence. After the Americans leave, Erasmus goes back to the castle, now occupied by refugees, and with a gentle authority restores some sort of order to their lives. Personally he fails. From desire for a child he makes an insane marriage, so insane that it dissolves of its own accord, and he has to forgo the satisfaction that he desired. But the book is particularly the story of Amadeus.

He comes out of the concentration camp hating himself and all humanity, a wolf fit only to be left alone. His story and that of the girl with whom his life becomes involved is so extraordinary that I cannot attempt to outline it here. In the end he reaches a kind of wholeness and understanding that very few novelists have been able to convey. (So far as I know they have both been Russians.) Around the three brothers are the small group of uprooted peasants, an ex-Nazi forester, and his daughter whose life becomes so strangely entangled with that of Amadeus. Some characters are irredeemable. Wiechert sees evil as eternal, and in its worst forms unalterable—something that can only be kept at bay. And he seems to suggest that the solutions his characters find are only possible to a small group, united by strong traditional bonds, living in close contact with the earth. He is also clearly aware that this is not, for modern man, the usual lot; and so he avoids that most suspect of all enterprises, the providing of a panacea for the ills of the world. The ethic that is worked out is one of quietism and non-resistance; it is overtly Christian, though the only parson in the story feels he has lost the right to use the old language, that he must succeed, if at all, without it. The traditional symbols are not absent, however: they occur in the talk of the old coachman, Christoph, who tells legends out of family tradition or childhood memory. They recall the world before the deluge, and provide much of the poetry of the book.

It is a poetic rather than a realistic novel. The situations are actual enough, and the setting is a recognisable corner of the modern world, but the primary effort is not to carry immediate physical and social conviction. It is rather to perform the classic task of the novel—by taking particular people, in a particular social and historical setting, to show how life should be lived. The particular historical background of this story is so close to us, and has been so shattering in its effects that it is hard to be sure that one is making an impartial judgment. But I believe that this is a great book: and there are not many of them at present.

A word should be added in praise of the translation, by Marie Heynemann and Margery B. Ledward. It is notoriously hard to translate from the German, and the results rarely look anything like English. In this case the reader is never aware of anything but simple and sensitively written English prose.

GRAHAM HOUGH

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

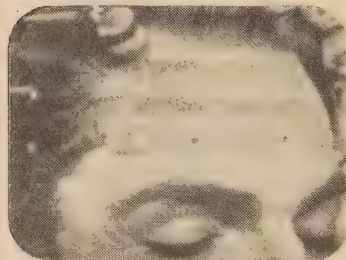
DOCUMENTARY

Matters Scientific

WE MUST AGREE that the programme planners now and again show a fine unconcern for the frivolous-minded part of the viewing populace. Last Friday night they gave us, at 8.45, 'Your



As seen by the viewer: the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall on November 7: Chelsea Pensioners; and a display by the Army School of Physical Training



Two shots from 'Your Brain At Work' on November 6: an electrical graph superimposed on the subject's forehead; and Joan Gilbert having scalp pads connected when she submitted to a brain test

Photographs: John Cura

Brain At Work', and, at 9.45, 'Press Conference' on atomic power. Both programmes were good of their kind, though it happens to be my personal sentiment that at a time when most of us are preparing to shed what Gissing called 'the livery of the laborious week', we are not likely to be attentive to the more complicated matters of existence.

'Your Brain At Work' was a forbidding and fascinating essay in scientific inquisitiveness, sponsored by a medical expert whose television style was as convincing as it was accomplished. The programme gave proof of electrical discharges from the human brain, recorded on a graph which reflected sensory and emotional disturbances produced under test conditions. 'And what then?' asked the commentator, as the demonstration drew to a close. The expert in charge, Dr. Grey Walter of the Burden Neurological Institute at Bristol, voiced the hope that his investigations would enable us to live more benignly together, and one could not doubt the sincerity of the affirmation. But in making it he probably agitated in more than one brain the fear that the end of his remarkable odyssey of research may find man staring, in final hypnotic surrender, into the glowing, soulless eye of the last marvel of electronics genius. On the way, perhaps, as a result of this pioneering television revelation, we may pass advertisement hoardings announcing proprietary deviations from Dr. Walter's ideal: 'Light Your Cigarette From Your Own Brain

Waves!' and 'Beacon Hats For Dark Nights'.

Praise, again, to Dr. Walter for an exemplary demonstration technique and to Máx Robertson, who had a more difficult role, I suppose, than usually befalls him as a sports commentator. He carried it off most efficiently. Joan Gilbert, making an unannounced appearance, let herself in for an experiment which took her apparently to the edge of a mental blackout. She must be

included in the cordiality prevailing here this week.

'Press Conference' had Professor Blackett as its central personality and he, too, passed the test for grasping popular attention in terms of sympathetic presence and firmness of opinion without too much self-esteem. 'Press Conference' has the merit of rarely seeming to be rehearsed, though there is a preliminary run-through; in that particular it is almost a paragon among programmes of opinion. The atomic energy theme was splintered by too many dissociated questions, which are the weakness of 'Press Conference'. The time is too short for concerted frontal assault, but William Clark, as chairman, knows when to gather up the loose ends without being too forcefully obtrusive. This was undoubtedly one of the better programmes in the series and a good omen for the new session. Like some other programmes, 'Press Conference' is worth more time. The planners should assert themselves

'Science provides an alternative to, an escape from, the eternal egocentricity of the human race, as manifested by its philosophers'. So speaks a reader of THE LISTENER in a letter to me *apropos* recent comments here on science programmes which have evoked, also, friendly comment from Dr. Bronowski. The point may sharpen with the growth of television, which seems to be encouraging human egocentricity. My correspondent wants television to do a series, 'The Scientist Speaks'. He

says: 'I think it would be adventurous television. It might bridge the chasm between the two wings of learning and it would certainly give the ordinary man an insight into the clinical thought-processes of the scientist. Scientists, themselves, might even say, "My God! Is that what I'm like?" and fly to basket-making or the recorder, and similar activities suggested by the earnest as antidotes to over-specialisation'.

Meanwhile, we have had another in 'The Conductor Speaks' series, giving Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra the opportunity to prove again that they can tune in to the popular taste without being patronising and gain in integrity in doing so. This conductor speaks with an elder-statesman air, out of key, surely, with his years and appearance if not experience, but with a humour which, lurking at the corners of his mouth, belies pomposity. The programme can hardly have failed to give great pleasure in a myriad listening and viewing homes.

Renewing the comradeship of living and dead, the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall and the Service of Remembrance at the Cenotaph raised our viewing above the commonplaces of sightseeing and made of it a solemn act. Television met the requirements of both occasions with dignity and care.

No doubt it behaved as impeccably in transmitting the service of Holy Communion from Liverpool last Sunday week. I abstained from viewing, dismayed that anyone was given the opportunity of doing so.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Sent from Coventry

HOW ENCOURAGING is the news from Coventry where it is discovered that, far from endangering home life, television spreads culture and zest where none was before. Where once men and women sat and heard each other groan, stupefied with anxiety about the pools, there are no groans now, not even when the time



'Ballet for Beginners' on November 2: Felicity Gray (centre) with Josephine Gordon and Kathryn Beetham



Scene from 'Golden Boy' on November 8, with Kenneth Haigh (centre) as Joe Bonaparte



'The Teddy Bear', with (left to right) Hugh Griffith as Charles Delaney, Margaret McCourt as Sonia Marten, and Thomas Moore as John Marten

of the weather chart is changed; all is sweetness and light (carefully shaded, of course) and conversation ranges widely from onion soup to *entrechats-quatre* and back again.

'Ballet for Beginners' is back, and I take this opportunity of saying how useful I think it must be and how pleasing Miss Felicity Gray's lens-side manner is. But until we get a great measure of stereoscopic illusion in television, not to mention colour, television ballet will always be rather a pale transcription of the real thing. And if we get colour there will be fresh difficulties, for are not eight per cent. of us colour blind? Perhaps that can be eradicated, however; though I doubt if they'll ever much reduce the percentage of the tone deaf, which is perhaps a relief when you remember some of the singers we hear. Henry Hall's Variety on Saturday, as a matter of fact, was by no means so uncertain as sometimes it is: no doubt the Coventry carollings have a tonic two-way effect.

But then, perhaps I am a poor audience for Variety, which I have seen in other shapes and forms already. Not that that does not also apply to the plays: there must be many people, who have never seen 'Golden Boy' and even some so benighted they knew not its title, or only from seeing it every six or eight months written up on the posters outside their local Rep, and which was a signal to pass by on the other side. Boxing is a subject which sharply divides public opinion. For some, it is the noble art: for others a degrading spectacle. But one wonders which party is likely to take the more easily to 'Golden Boy'.

Clifford Odets is welcome on our screens if only because of the quality of his dialogue: like Hemingway's it combines the flat and naturalistic with curious and often highly poetic overtones. The scene where Joe and Lorna, at odds with the world, settle for speeding through the night as a solution is typical enough; and can sound very moving. But it has also dated considerably; the mood of 1937 is so far off today. We seem to have come out of that kind of despair (into another sort, perhaps); but the fugue into self-pity is much less common and not at all admired. After the second performance of the play tonight (Thursday), battling amateurs from Swansea will help viewers to review Odet's piece in the light of reality. I shall refer to the performance later. Here I am concerned to admire the planning which puts a play about a boxer and examples from life before us in the same evening.

Speeding through the night was the climax of the first instalment of 'Johnny You're Wanted', a serial by Maurice McLoughlin, produced by Douglas Moodie. John Slater is the hero, and very friendly he is in his best gor-blimey style. Some minutes were wasted in an unfunny episode showing him trying to make do on a shake-down bed and falling out of it; the sort of thing which would be cut in the cutting room, were this a film. Otherwise the action was to the point: which was that Miss Diana Graves, with a French accent and a considerable agitation of nerves, wishes to be given a lift to Chester; but had previously to spend the night in the home of Mr. Slater (Johnny) and Joan (Miss Joan Newell). I hope I shall not have forgotten all these preliminaries when in a week's time we shall learn a little more. The lady from Dieppe evidently has something on her mind: perhaps it is the dialogue, which is full of jokes about the smell of cheese.

The play of last week which really stood up to repetition was 'Gunpowder, Treason and Plot'. It disappoints at the climax but it is superior, serious, intelligent, and full of feeling for time and place and shifting problems of loyalty. I hope the drama department has got Mr. Ross Williamson firmly in its power and will extract from him other works of this quality: we can well do with them. They might, for all I know, grow wearisome in their representation that the Tudor and Jacobean were the most important times; an addiction to a single period may be inevitable for a historian, though the results of overdoing any one period seem comic to the outside world. Time was, when you could not turn on sound radio without hearing Cavaliers and Roundheads going at it hammer and tongs, and I am not suggesting that Mr. Ross Williamson should write serials about religious persecutions. But I feel sure he has at least one more play on the same sort of subject which would repay performance.

Meanwhile the children, not to be neglected, also had their Guy Fawkes play. This was by Nicholas Stuart Gray and was called 'Gunpowder Guy', wherein Master David Cote and Miss Barbara Brown (of the present) conversed with Mr. William Devlin (from the past). Instructive and not at all silly. That night the floors of Lime Grove must have been ankle deep in unstuck Van Dyck beards.

'The Teddy Bear' met with no great fortune on the London stage: but succeeded fairly well on television. Lest the wrong conclusion be

drawn from that statement, one should add that it had been much pruned and condensed. It made a good if slightly macabre thriller. Hugh Griffith was the sinister puppeteer; little Miss Margaret McCourt squeaked and jibbered like one possessed. The bear didn't even rattle.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

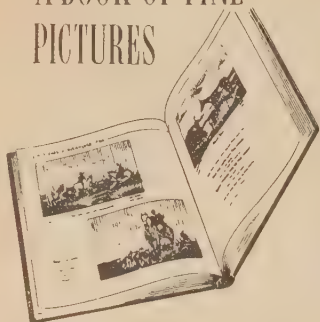
DRAMA

Atmospherics

ON THIS PALE, smoky, autumn afternoon we were deep in the summer of a lost Russia; Nicholas I's Russia with its wealthy landowners, its peasants who 'like being kept in order', its idlers (one 'visits Petersburg and talks of going abroad'), and such family pensioners as Vassily Semyonitch Kuzovkin, who lives in the house of the Yeletsksys. He gives his name to Turgenev's very early play, 'A Poor Gentleman' (Third). The timid, humble little man proves to be a skeleton in the cupboard of one of the country houses that Turgenev, his own upbringing in mind, could re-create so sharply. Within less than twenty-four hours of the first rattling, Kuzovkin is away: off surprisingly to an estate of his own, but separated from the daughter he has loved, and loyally—for her sake—never admitted. The plot is a contrivance. No matter: its people, on Sunday, came back to us with astonishing clarity, rising one after another from that lost Russian world: the poor gentleman, mocked and humiliated, whom Carleton Hobbs guided with careful accuracy across the knife-ridge between mirth and pathos; the patronising new landowner (Paul Rogers), brought, so it would seem, on ice from Petersburg; the gentle girl (Joan Hart), new-married, newly fathered; and the coarse, idling neighbour (Hugh Manning), who calls Kuzovkin 'Mr. What's-Your-Name'. It is, over all, a revelation of character: during the short afternoon we came to know these people intimately and regretted that they must sink back again to the text.

This air of absolute truth enveloped both the production (Mary Hope Allen's, using the Constance Garnett version) and the performance. Often we are asked to submit to some laborious evocation of atmosphere. We listen but we are not persuaded. The mind's eye is not in focus. The thoughts flit. But on Sunday, from the first rasp of the testy butler (John Gabriel), we were on that estate in the provincial depths. Turgenev

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has carefully described his personages. It is a trick that can dull the imagination. Not so in this performance. I was reminded now and again of the way in which Emlyn Williams, in his Dickens recital, could flash up the thunder-and-lightning waistcoat-buttons of Jack Hopkins at that Lant Street party. Similarly, Carleton Hobbs could almost make us see the frock-coat, the stand-up collar, and the brass buttons of Kuzovkin. The dramatist is not afraid here of the 'internal narrative'. In the first act we have Kuzovkin's complicated tale of his lawsuit; in the second there is his sad relation of more than twenty years before. Mr. Hobbs, consummate in both these speeches, carried the production; but neither Miss Hart nor Mr. Rogers could have been better cast. The end of the play, with Kuzovkin's simultaneous gain and loss, is exceedingly difficult; it says much that attention never flickered.

'The Unknown Soldier' (Home), last of the revived Clemence Dane series, was as far away from Turgenyev as possible. It had one thing in common with 'The Poor Gentleman', its summoning of atmosphere. Miss Dane can select and use the powerful word. This sound-pattern, which could pass from 'the docks of Carthage and Tyre' (names meant for the voice of Leon Quartermaine) to those other names, Fest-hubert, Gallipoli, the Marne, was fitted to the night of Remembrance Day. It is a rich honeycomb of language; but there is real feeling beneath the golden glaze; and the cast, under Val Gielgud, could express it.

In each of those programmes we had confirmation of a famous dramatist's belief in story-telling within the play: 'A compact and passionate story, well told, is a stirring theme and will hold any audience'. We realised this again when Martin Lewis was relating Chabert's tale of rising from the dead on the battlefield of Eylau. This is the most feeling moment in C. E. Webber's version of the Balzac story, 'Colonel Chabert' (Home), which for me, on a second hearing, still refused to take fire. There is tinder enough; it failed to catch the spark. 'The Sea Shall Not Have Them' (Light), based on the air-sea rescue service, made us free of land, sea, and air. The radio-dramatist had full range; alas, he could not get us warmly interested in his personages. The technical details held; the interplay of character did not.

As an Allan Quatermain addict, I found the parody in 'The Forces Show' (Light) a rather haggard business. There were gayer moments—unprepared replies to a Quiz, for example, which placed 'the Garden of England' in Wales and Brasenose (ingeniously enough) in Cornwall. 'Variety Playhouse' (Home) is notable in these days for Vic Oliver's ingenuity with introduction and epilogue. What lies between is variable. Saturday's programme was stronger than sometimes, stronger certainly than 'The Al Read Show' (Light) which had, however, one passage of purest blither: Read explaining, so we gathered, what one must say to a railway guard after pulling the communication cord. Here were atmospherics indeed, present and implied.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Analytical

AT THE BEGINNING of last week two new series broke out in the Third Programme. 'Law in Action' will deal with current legal issues. In the first talk, A. L. Goodhart, K.B.E., Q.C., Master of University College, Oxford, examined 'The Question of Damages for Shock'. It is only in recent times, he said, that medical science has been able to show that definite illness may result from shock and in many cases the law is still doubtful. The speaker, who quoted several interesting cases, mentioned one in which three

learned judges, while agreeing in the verdict, gave, each of them, different reasons for their conclusions. We laymen generally take it for granted that the law is a dry-as-dust theme, yet it generally turns out, I find, that talks on its various aspects are of exceptional interest. This talk was certainly so.

The other new series is 'Prospect of Britain', its subtitle 'An observer's impressions of current life and opinion' and the observer Christopher Salmon, who, after teaching philosophy in American universities during the past few years, came home a year ago to travel up and down the country and talk to all sorts and conditions of people. His object was to attempt to define the sort of society in which we now live as a result of the immense social changes of the past half-century. His first talk—'Beginning the Journey'—set the course of his quest, which is to trace the nature of our personal relations rather than the political and economic shape of our corporate life. For a short time after the war, he said, we thought we knew what we were after, namely social justice. Now, he finds, there is disagreement when people discuss contemporary life. We are less homogeneous than we like to imagine. What we require now and what we must try to achieve is a new dialectic of life.

In the second talk—'The Merry-Go-Round'—he discussed personal relations. At the beginning of the century the classes were sharply defined by the clothes they wore: nowadays, says Mr. Salmon (drawing the bow, I thought, a little long), we are casual and anonymous. Is this, he asks, because we feel we have no function in the social set-up of today? Since the beginning of the century, he pointed out, the relation of employer and employed has been removed from the personal to the economic, and personal service is now felt to be objectionable; to sell goods is more satisfactory than to please people. The only incentive is to make money. But social administration makes an end of personal relations which are surely the most valuable thing in life. Mr. Salmon, as many listeners well know, is an excellent broadcaster and this series seems to me, judging by the first two talks, of vital importance.

Last week brought Antony Hopkins' 'Studies in Musical Taste' to an end. He concluded this lively and highly instructive series with what I can only describe as a pyrotechnic display, by which I mean not flashy but brilliant—rich, not gaudy, as Polonius would doubtless have remarked if he had been fortunate enough to be listening. The analysis of a fugue—in this case Bach's E major from Book 2—interesting and instructive though it might prove to be, did not seem to promise amusing entertainment, yet this is what Mr. Hopkins' half-hour analysis was. Step by step he expounded and built up the structure of a fugue, and finally presented it complete on the piano. It was a fascinating performance.

Among the book reviews we hear from time to time on the Third Programme we come now and then upon one which, if it were the printed and not the spoken word, we would call a critical essay. Of such was Alan Pryce-Jones' 'Sainte-Beuve: the Critic as Moralist'. Using as his springboard André Billy's *Sainte-Beuve, sa Vie et son Temps*, recently published in France, he gave a perceptive and eloquent appreciation of Sainte-Beuve as a man and a critic. The difference in style between good writing and good broadcasting is often discussed nowadays. Mr. Pryce-Jones' talk was perfectly suited to broadcasting, and I wondered, as I listened, whether he would have expressed himself in exactly the same words if he had been writing an essay or whether there would have been a difference of style, conscious or unconscious, between the two. We know from

experience that the best listening does not always make the best reading, and conversely, but are there not cases when the two may coincide?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

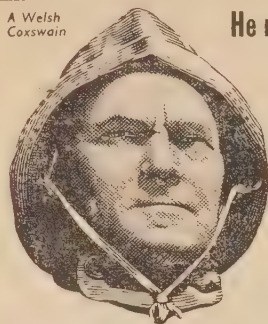
The Orchestra! Extraordinary!

'AND THE ORCHESTRA! Toscanini! Extraordinary!'—so wrote the composer of 'La Bohème' after a rehearsal for the first performance in Turin. And that young conductor—he was twenty-eight at the time—is still at it, still able to achieve a performance that is as fresh as though it was now engaging his enthusiasm for the first time. Here is an example for routine performers of familiar masterpieces—and for critics too, who, as Martin Cooper recently confessed, wilt before the repetitive programmes of the classics in the Festival Hall!

It was, I imagine, the name of Toscanini that brought this performance, on gramophone records, too, into the august company of John Dunstable and Monteverdi, Bartók and Edmund Rubbra, in the Third Programme. And a good thing too! For it showed, if you cared to listen, what solid merits and fine craftsmanship contribute (as I believe they must) to any lasting popular success in the field of the arts. I am not ashamed of having enjoyed it more than anything else during a week which was certainly not packed with excitement. And that, despite the fact that the singers were no better than those drilled by Toscanini for that first performance in Turin. Only here it was the tenor and baritone who did best, and the two sopranos who failed to make the grade. Musetta has always been a difficult part to cast, but it is unbelievable that in all the Americas, whence this recording comes, there is no one more adequate to the part than Anne McKnight. Licia Albanese, whom I have admired in the past, has developed such unsteadiness that she is hardly acceptable in the role of Mimi, especially as Melba's voice was still fresh in my ears from a record heard in an earlier programme. But despite all faults, the familiar scenes were so vividly presented, and so musically, that it would be churlish not to applaud. And the orchestra! Toscanini! Extraordinary!

In its day Monteverdi's 'Coronation of Poppea', or at least certain passages in it, must have sounded as sensuous and passionate as the love-scenes in 'La Bohème'. Though the force of the passion is somewhat spent, the residue is sufficient to give the finest scenes in the opera a permanent interest. Seneca's death and Octavia's lament have a grandeur that makes them immortal, and the very different love-duets of the page and serving-maid and of Nero and Poppea can still amuse or move us like the corresponding passages between Silvius and Phoebe in 'As You Like It' and Antony and Cleopatra. Much else in the opera demands a historical or musical interest in the listener, especially in a broadcast performance. Walter Goehr's edition did all it could to sustain the general interest. His instrumentation was probably richer and more varied than the resources of the Teatro di SS. Giovanni e Paolo afforded, so that during the grand Handelian accompaniment to the ceremony of Poppea's coronation one was inclined to exclaim: 'The orchestra! Extraordinary!' Still, it is not impossible that the *maestro di cappella* of St. Mark's was allowed to borrow the church's sackbuts and cornets for the occasion.

The first programme of Dunstable's music was also addressed to specialists, and I must leave it to them to say whether the rather dismal sounds we heard, especially from the organ, faithfully represented the music of a great composer in an age which created, among other things, the Wilton Diptych, the Beauchamp

A Welsh
Coxswain

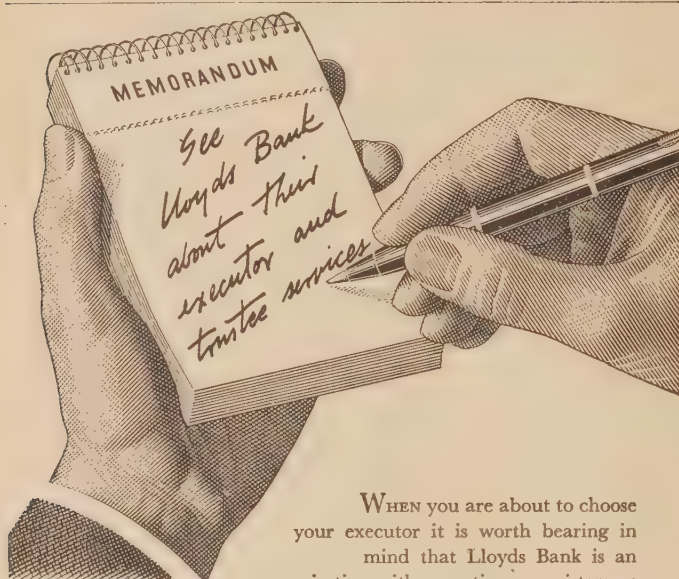
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Chapel at Warwick, and the Agincourt Song. During the week two composers, who died recently, were commemorated. Roger Quilter was not, and made no pretensions of being, a great composer. He was a fastidious musician and a fine craftsman who appreciated his limitations and, within them, created beautiful works. His songs, well sung on this occasion by Philip Hattey, are his best memorial; they will always have a place, like the lyrics he chose with unflinching good taste, among the 'minor poetry' of English music.

Arnold Bax, whose seventieth birthday would

have been celebrated last week, was a much more considerable figure, and also a more debatable one. It was good to hear the subject debated with such vigour in 'Music Magazine' by a musician of the younger generation, who made out a strong case for a revision of the adverse judgment that has been passed on Bax's major works. So one came to the concert of his music on Sunday afternoon in a favourable mood. Here were three shorter works, including 'The Tale the Pine Trees Knew', and the curious Concertante for wind and orchestra. These displayed the composer's rich imagination at its

best, and the vigour with which he could express himself. As the excerpts from his Third Symphony, played during Basil Cameron's talk proved, Bax's music always sounds beautiful. The trouble is that we do not hear the symphonies often enough to discover whether their structure is really strong enough to support the lush over-growth of arabesque applied to the themes, or whether the long melodies, which Bax poured out so freely, really cohere into true symphonic music. Still there is always the lovely sound of the orchestra! Extraordinary!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Instrumental Music of Peter Wishart

By ALAN FRANK

The first performances of Wishart's Symphony in E flat will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Monday, November 16, and 6.0 p.m. on Wednesday, November 18 (both Third)

PETER WISHART, born in 1921, is of the same generation of composers as P. Racine Fricker, being a year younger than he. Both composers had their careers interrupted by the war—in which, incidentally, they both served in the Far East—and began to attract attention soon after the war's end. It is worth noting that they finished off their studies under foreign teachers: Fricker under Mátyás Seiber, and Wishart, by virtue of a post-graduate scholarship from Birmingham University (where he is now a lecturer), under Nadia Boulanger in Paris. These two young composers have one more point in common: from the outset of their careers they have possessed a technical skill quite unusual in musicians of their age.

There, however, the resemblance between the two ends and one would be hard put to it to discover similarities in their actual music. If in the burning intensity of Fricker's work we see traces of Bartók, Wishart owes something to the composer whom above all he admires, Stravinsky, and especially to the later Stravinsky. The lucid and economical lines, the polish and the controlled lyricism of Stravinsky are to be found in Wishart's music generally and were latent in him before he went to work under Nadia Boulanger, and before—curiously enough—he knew anything other than the early compositions of Stravinsky. Indeed, the work which one would have said—and which some critics have said—was his most decidedly Stravinskian work, the 'Four Pieces' for violin and piano, was written before Wishart had encountered its 'prototype', Stravinsky's Duo Concertant. In any case, these violin pieces already showed an individual talent, serious yet capable of elegant charm, as in the Nocturne, and of brilliant display, as in the movement entitled Variations.

It was with a group of chamber works dating from 1947 and 1948 that Wishart first came into prominence; they include besides these violin pieces a String Quartet and a Cassation for violin and viola. This last is a compositional feat of great resource, even if its eight movements are one or two too many: they show the composer obviously enjoying, rather than being hampered by, working in a limited medium.

Wishart's keyboard works include a Sonata for piano duet, a severely contrapuntal Trio Sonata for organ, and a slight but neat and attractive Partita for piano solo in four short movements. His vocal music is excluded from this article; but for the sake of completeness it may be mentioned that though he has so far shown himself to be more of an instrumental than vocal composer, he has written a number of solo songs and choral works, including a

Festival Te Deum, first performed at a coronation concert earlier this year.

When we come to Wishart's orchestral works, it is significant that none of them, as far as I know, is for full orchestra. It may be that, as I have hinted above, he prefers to limit his field of action by working with more restricted forces, which, because of their greater transparency of texture, are for most composers more difficult to manage with success than the full orchestral complement. However that may be, his Concerto Grosso of 1948 is for a smallish orchestra (strings, double woodwind only and no horns), the Violin Concerto of 1949 is for ten wind instruments without strings, and the new Symphony is just for double woodwind, two horns and strings. A word of explanation is perhaps appropriate regarding the Violin Concerto. Its scoring is in fact identical with that of the Stravinsky Mass, and the work was composed to form part of a programme where the Mass was being given, and where these particular wind players were therefore available. The result is a remarkable *tour de force* of instrumental handling which deserves further hearing—preferably not in the same programme as Stravinsky's Mass.

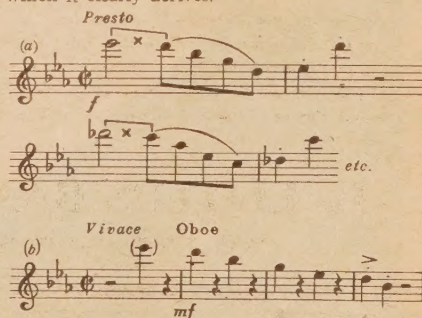
The Symphony in E flat is Wishart's latest work, completed last June. It is in four movements and the most immediately noticeable qualities of at any rate the three faster ones are their extraordinary lightness and clarity. Obviously this is a modest symphony, which owes more to Haydn than to, say, Mahler, in so far as both its ideas and the actual scoring are concerned: Aaron Copland has referred to the Haydn-Mozart period as being the 'age of innocence in orchestration', and the recapturing of this 'innocence' is done here without self-consciousness. Yet the extreme simplicity of the work is rather disarming and I suspect that in performance the sounds are rather more astringent than their written symbols suggest. Certainly, though I have mentioned and perhaps over-stressed the eighteenth-century flavour of the work, there is no element of the archaic or of pastiche in the writing.

The first movement, in brisk *alla breve* tempo, is especially airy in texture, even to the point of being occasionally under-clad. It opens with two melodic elements, both unequivocally in E flat: the first is sharply articulated by the oboe and descends largely by thirds (see example (b)). The second, which follows immediately, is a flowing phrase on first violins. The remaining themes in the movement are no less easily grasped: perhaps the movement contains a multiplicity of thematic material, but if this is a fault it is a refreshing one. The material is

treated delicately, with no attempt to infuse false significance into it.

The slow movement opens with a relatively weightier and more reflective theme on solo horn, yet the mood is still cool and clear and the texture light. Its smoothness is broken into by a more angular and slightly faster middle section, with important parts for solo woodwind. The woodwind, too, has the bulk of the thematic interest in the third movement, which is a captivating interlude rather in the manner of a *tambourin*. The tune is heard in the lower register of the flute, over viola and cello playing a drone accompaniment, consisting of a pair of repeated fifths. All strings are muted throughout this extremely gentle movement.

The slow introduction to the finale displays a series of descending semitones, foreshadowing an element (marked X) in the main theme of the *presto* which follows. I quote this theme (a), which is first announced by full wind and strings in octaves, and for comparison the opening melodic motive of the first movement (b), from which it clearly derives.



The crisp, light gaiety is maintained in a second theme for three woodwind in D major. In the development of the main subject, the original straightforward rhythm becomes divertingly syncopated. The rhythmic vitality of the whole movement is, indeed, one of its most striking features and is only slackened temporarily by a section mostly in sustained semibreves and minims, occurring shortly before the end.

Much of Wishart's music so far has been of a light-weight character, even if no previous work has had quite the crystalline simplicity of this Symphony, which perhaps may be found too straightforward for some tastes. But much can be said in favour of a composer, particularly in the symphonic field where the large-scale so often becomes synonymous with the pretentious, who attempts little but carries out that little with complete assurance and finish.

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There are several contributors to this week's Punch whose writing takes a satirical turn. You might recognize yourself in one of Geoffrey Gorer's new Modern Types, or—if you are more fortunate—as one of Wolf Mankowitz's Money Makers. And Robert Graves has a poem, "Hippopotamus's Address to the Freudians", which should touch somebody's ego.

Among the artists with a pretty line of satire are Thelwell, David Langdon and Norman Mansbridge. You should certainly keep on your guard.

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For the Housewife

Remedies for Awkward Doors

By FRANK PRESTON

LET us look first at the door that has to be slammed to make it shut. Do not start by scraping or planing the edge; that is a last resort, especially in damp weather when the wood is swollen. Instead, put a spot of oil on the tongue of the latch with a child's paint brush, and while the oil is still handy paint over the joints of the hinges. That alone will sometimes do the trick; but more often the trouble will be that the door is rubbing against the inside of the frame.

If you cannot see where it rubs, smear a little shoe polish down the edge and notice where this is rubbed off when you shut the door. The rubbing is usually near the top of the opening edge, showing that the door has sagged on its hinges. Tightening the hinge screws will often put matters right, but if there is much play on the joints of the hinges themselves, all you can do is renew them. Fit the same kind as before, but use screws about a quarter of an inch longer to make sure of a good grip. By the way, you will have trouble in taking out the old screws unless you first scrape away the paint around the heads and thoroughly clean out the slots so that the screwdriver can get a good hold. I find that the point of an old nail-file is handy for cleaning out the slots, but a sharp pricker of any sort will do. Remember to use the biggest screw-driver you have that will fit the screws.

If there is a gap near the bottom of the door, and yet it touches the frame at the top, it is often a good plan to pack out the lower hinge. You merely fit a strip of cardboard between the hinge flap and the door frame, but it is not necessary to disturb the other flap of the hinge on the door itself. Before beginning to slacken the screws see that the door is properly supported by wedging a book under the bottom. A door swinging loosely on one hinge can be very difficult to manage. If the door still rubs against the frame I am afraid you will have to run that plane or scraper down the edge—or else set to work with glasspaper. But, in any case, do not take off any more than is absolutely necessary; it is often sufficient to remove a few of those coats of paint that have accumulated over the years!

What about the door that closes easily enough, but does not latch? Again it is probably due to sagging so that the tongue of the latch is just a little too low for the squared hole in the catch plate—that is, the brass plate on the inside of the door frame. You could either lower the plate—which might involve a bit of chiselling—or file the bottom of the hole. But before taking off the plate examine the lines scratched on it by the tongue; they should tell you if the plate needs adjusting.

There are two ways of dealing with a door that rattles: you can either move the catch plate forward a little—which might be rather tricky—or tack a strip of felt, or rubber draught-strip to the inside of the frame, so that the door will close against it. That is a much easier proposition, and the packing will also keep out any draughts. Of course, if the door has warped, or if the frame has gone out of square, I am afraid that none of the suggestions I have made will be completely effective. The correction of these more serious faults is a job for the expert, and I would advise you to call in a carpenter. But they are not likely to trouble you unless unseasoned wood was used, or there has been some settlement of the brickwork.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

- ROHAN RIVETT (page 795): editor-in-chief of a group of South Australian newspapers, formerly London correspondent of the *Melbourne Herald*
- CHRISTOPHER SALMON (page 803): has been lecturing for the past three years in the department of philosophy at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee
- A. L. GOODHART, K.B.E., Q.C. (page 807): Master of University College, Oxford, since 1951; Professor of Jurisprudence, Oxford, 1931-1951; author of *English Contributions to the Philosophy of Law, Precedent in English and Continental Law*
- MICHAEL AYRTON (page 809): painter, critic, author, theatre designer, illustrator; author of *Giovanni Pisano, Hogarth's Drawings*, etc.
- T. C. WORSLEY (page 810): on editorial staff of *New Statesman and Nation*
- SIR MAURICE POWICKE (page 812): Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford, 1928-1947; author of *The Thirteenth Century 1216-1307; King Henry III and the Lord Edward*, etc.
- REV. J. E. DAVEY (page 816): Principal of the Presbyterian College, Belfast, since 1942; author of *The Changing Vesture of the Faith*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,228.

Replacements.

By Stephanus

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For each light three words are clued: A, B, and C. The word to be inserted in the diagram is not directly clued, but is to be found by taking the A word and replacing the B word in it by the C word. Thus: if A=stride, B=rid, and C=on, STONE should be inserted. Across clues consist of clues to the relevant A, B, and C words (in any order)

run together. The number in brackets is the number of letters in the A word. The down clues are similar, except that in these the A, B, and C words are clued in that order. Of the words to be entered in the diagram, four (all across) are not in *Chambers*'s; one of these is a well-known proper name. Several accents are to be ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

- Being flimsy joints, 'Hamlet, revenge!' he wrote (8).
- First/second person lift (say sail in boat) (5).
- Like getting hardened—there's a thing to note (6).
- Cross the enthusiast: here gold is found (8).
- Before Capone this stem is underground (4).
- Coloured by burning Roman thus niello (8).
- Over do blood-borne compound, pert young fellow (4).
- A gland lives here, inspiring spirit abroad (5).
- Source of Kashmir shawls, spear-shaft, Memphis god (5).
- Where flocks may graze string on stick liberation (7).
- Assembly right before a hecatation (5).
- The water-plantain, tropic plant a coat (8).
- Hard coat that designates a leading note (6).
- An awful lot a nov-I hero too (7).
- Put (cash) down straight and flat. My Lord's in view (7).
- Justice—I call attention—I demur (7).
- I'm smpe-like. Haggard lady cricketer (6).
- Vessel a graduate oft drops—unheard? (5).
- Scots rolls look heavy fashion, in a word (6).
- Large tree, gregarious eggs, precede chaps, one (6).
- Holds tight while if you are your light is gone (8).
- All scots affect each other earlier on (5).

DOWN

- It's rare for slothful Sir William, the painter; the knee's hollow (7).
- Glands make us the Scotsman masses of ice (8).
- The goddess is female—according to Brewer, the author of fatal accidents (6).
- Worn in Persia underneath—behind is an alternative (6).
- Rope a lot of notes for one above the band: that's our objective (6).
- Open this, and there's charm for you to collect, worthless beast (6).
- A long tirade, proverbially wild fruit (6).

- The deity is misused for I know when I's first where Abraham came from (7).
- People assembled to worship Paul, the film-star: capital (9).
- German, perhaps, on father's side, in relation to my German's bin (6).
- Less moderate square for drawing a priest (6).
- Props lift one end of burbot's one (6).
- Dollar—not an American one lug a current measure (6).
- Played left—right above the treble stave (7).
- I play for S.A.; I'm the first person's naive tongue of nobody (6).
- Worn by Mexicans to hit a six—six (6).
- Snob's tool, for example, has something of someone else's (4).
- Hebrew—utter stuff (6).
- Homet where Reynard lives, indicating delight, surprise, or contempt (7).
- Degrade the long poem to a higher position (6).
- Nineteenth-century philosopher—change for father (7).

Solution of No. 1,226

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11			12		13		14		
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11	T	E	M	P	E	R	A	T	N
12	I	C	O	N	S	B	L	E	N
13	N	A	H	S	T	C	E	R	N
14	T	N	R	C	F	I	E	T	C
15	I	T	E	P	A	M	N	T	R
16	B	I	N	L	L	A	T	I	O
17	U	T	S	Y	R	N	I	C	L
18	L	H	C	S	A	T	E	M	O
19	A	M	R	A	L	I	N	D	C
20	N	D	D	I	S	C	N	C	E
21	T	E	L	E	S	T	E	C	O

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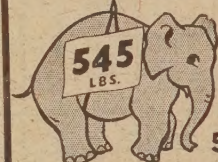
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